July 8, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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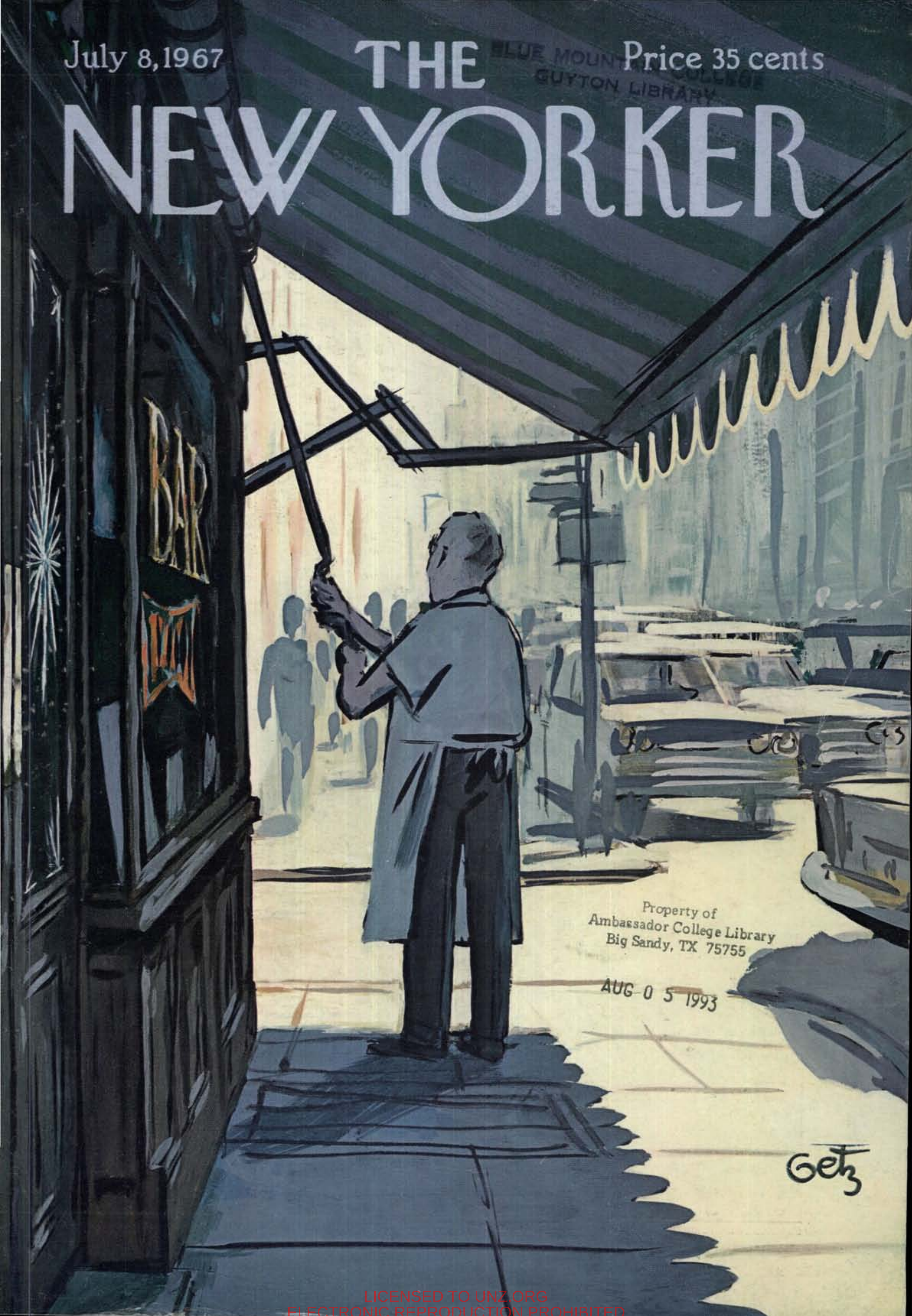

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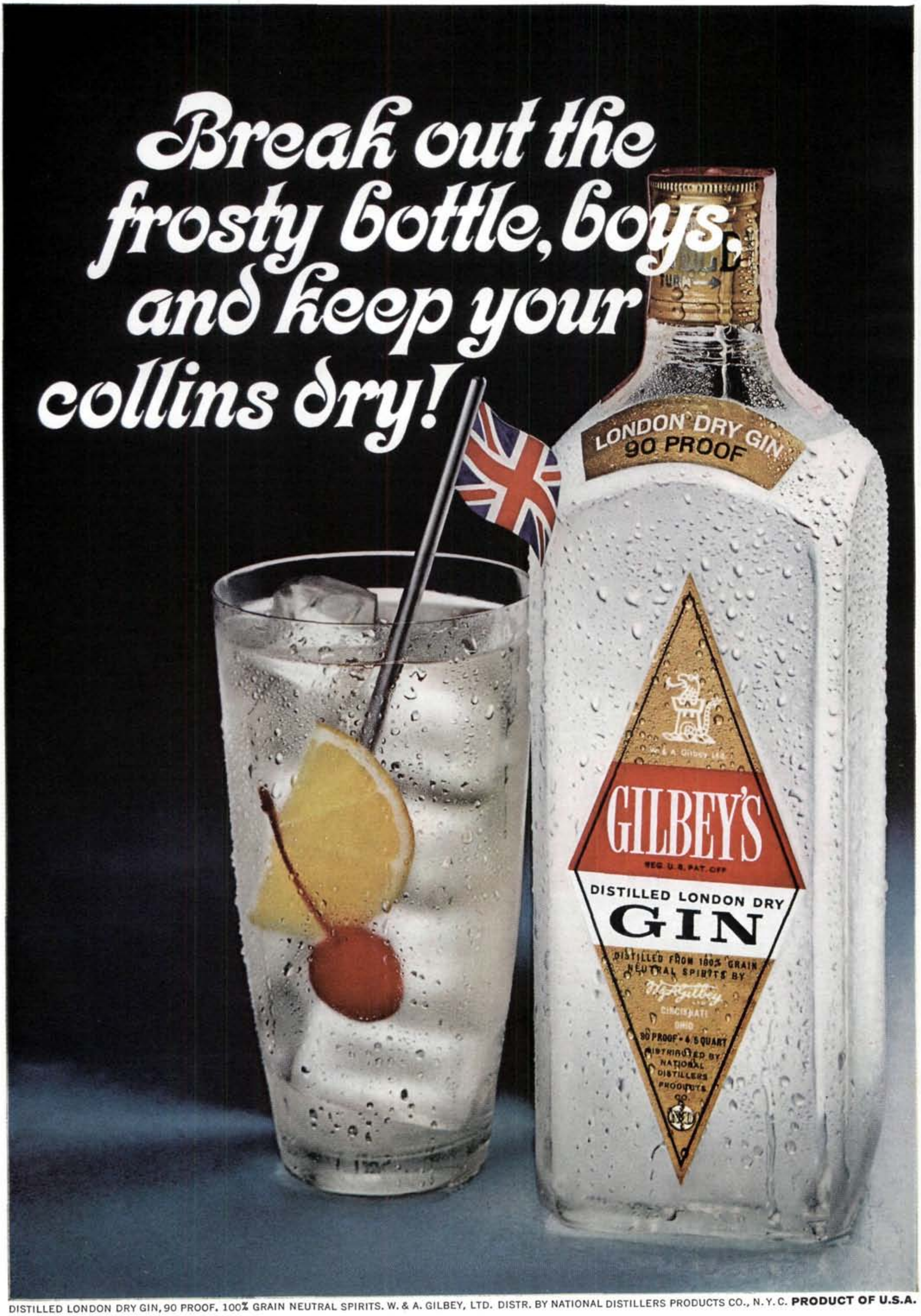
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If your hand
I should hold?

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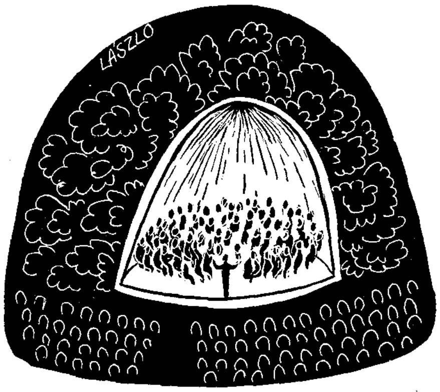
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Black Comedy—Odd doings during an electrical blackout in South Kensington. A funny invention of Peter Shaffer, which is preceded, alack, by a curtain-raiser called "White Lies" that isn't up to Mr. Shaffer's par. As directed by John Dexter, the cast in "Black Comedy" cannot be faulted. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Fun and games in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain that is unexpectedly invaded by a Jewish family from Newark. A fairly droll business, put together by Woody Allen and featuring Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Peggy Cass, and Dick Libertini. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter casting a cold eye at some odd doings in a North London slum. Although the play hasn't much coherence, the actors are worth watching. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Neil Simon is not at the top of his game in this account of a triangle made up of a young publisher, a writer, and a girl from Arkansas, who live in an apartment house in San Francisco. The writer loves the girl, the girl has a yen for the publisher, and the publisher just wants to get out his magazine. This is a hard plot to thicken. Anthony Perkins, Paul Sand, and Sheilah Wells make up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Four plays by Robert Anderson that concentrate determinedly on sex. Mr. Anderson's creations are sometimes funny but not overly original. However, there is not a thing wrong with the cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is entirely satisfactory. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**cactus flower:** A divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—A musical, composed of three playlets, that is always bouncy and frequently funny. Directed by Mike Nichols, with book, music, and lyrics by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the episodes are based on short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer, the most effective being a reworking of Twain's "The Diary of Adam and Eve." Barbara Harris is wonderfully versatile in all three, and Alan Alda and Larry Blyden give her good support. Starting Monday, July 10, Phyllis Newman will substitute for Miss Harris for three weeks. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cabaret—A large, lush musical version of John van Druten's "I Am a Camera," showing us how things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Not the most amusing theme for a musical, but one in which Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can to make things entertaining. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hallelujah, Baby!—Leslie Uggams makes a commendable first appearance on Broadway in this show. The libretto (weak) is offset to some extent by the amiable lyrics of Betty Comden and Adolph Green and the easygoing music of Jule Styne. Miss Uggams has the help of a sprightly cast that includes Allen Case, Billy Dee Williams, and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Mary Martin and Robert Preston are the entire cast of this adaptation by Tom Jones of Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter," and they do well by the enterprise, which is a highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage. Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones wrote the music and lyrics for this one, Oliver Smith provided the bright settings, and Gower Champion gave it ingenious direction. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as one of those lovable prostitutes, in an adaptation of the movie "Never on Sunday." Pleasant music and plenty of manly jigging, but not much real substance. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30). . . **hello, dolly!:** Betty Grable now has the role of the Gibson Girl. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **mame:** Angela Lansbury in an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **sweet charity:** A musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess (Helen Gallagher has replaced Gwen Verdon in the role) who wants to be honestly loved. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **south pacific**, with Florence Henderson and Giorgio Tozzi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Absolutely Freeee—A rock-'n'-roll concert by the Mothers of Invention, an all-male group. The music is exciting, but the question of decibel tolerance does arise, for some of the electronic monkeyshines are deafening. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 12:30.)

Amato Opera Company—Final performances of **madame butterfly** will close out the season. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday and Saturday, July 7-8, at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Drums in the Night—It is doubtful whether this very early play by Bertolt Brecht would mean much even if the action and translation were good. They are not. The action takes place during a Communist uprising in Berlin immediately after the First World War. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Fourscore and seven years ago. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—A musical revue with a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. Lightweight satire is the main ingredient. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Thursday at 9; Friday and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 9.)

Man of La Mancha—José Ferrer is now playing the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator

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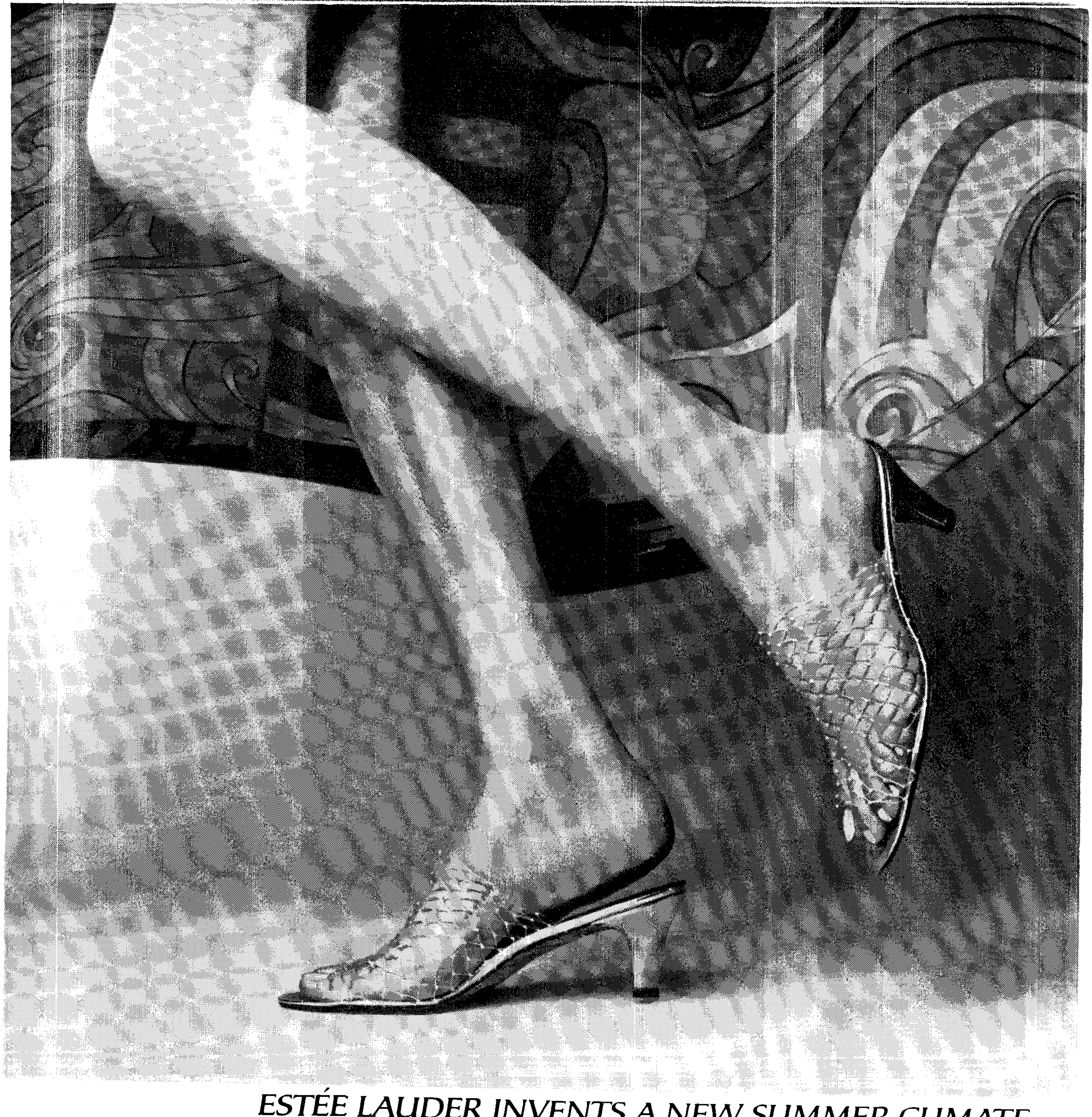

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—John Hancock, the director, seems to feel that what Shakespeare wrote is not a play but a stencil to be filled in with tricks. A few of the tricks are effective, but most are not. With a couple of exceptions, the performances are either tiresome or misguided. On the other hand, the lighting, by Al Jutzi, is beautiful, and the sets, designed by Robert LaVigne from drawings by Jim Dine, are excellent. Alvin Epstein, a good actor who gets better and better, doubles as Theseus and Oberon. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Unknown Soldier and His Wife—A comedy by Peter Ustinov, with Brian Bedford, Howard Da Silva, and M'el Dowd. Directed by John Dexter. Opens Thursday, July 6. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of KING JOHN, with Robert Burr, Staats Cotsworth, Cavada Humphrey, and Marian Winters. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 29. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of Guy Lombardo's ARABIAN NIGHTS, a musical with a book by George Marion, Jr., and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes Linda Bennett, James Hurst, Norman Atkins, and a huge mechanical whale. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—An instructive course in the art of obbligato singing (one might legitimately say noblesse-obbligato singing) is presented at dinner and supper in the Royal Box by Carmen McRae. The orchestra of Lee Evans issues compelling invitations to the dance. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—Acting on the assumption that there is a need for studying the New Yorker in his nocturnal pursuits, the management has kindly arranged an authentic exhibit, with wining, dining, and dancing until two in the morning—acting on the assumption that there is still a need for *that*. Ernie Warren's band is the catalyst. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A life of ease is the sole objective of the couples who inhabit the floor of the restaurant. The music comes from a Cliff Hall band, which carries on from eight until one or two every evening but Sunday.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The celebrated sightseeing bus, upholstered, it is true, like a veritable limousine. Lester Lanin (not a stand-in) and his orchestra take turns with George Anaya's Latinos until the early hours. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre is not yet an institution accredited by the Ivy League, but it's hard to tell the differences in the curriculums. Ben Cutler's Yale boys are on the bandstand seven nights a week. Lest Homer and the other old-school metropolitans nod between sets, a guitarist of Brazilian fervor turns himself on.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room, not unaware that this is the season for commencement exercises, is host to a young thing known as Ann Hilton, who carols at ten during the week and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. The jaunty bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte occupy the remainder of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the weaponry of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine Mondays through Thursdays in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—In the hostel atop this alp, the quartet of Jonah Jones, horn of plenty, is engaged in a *literally* resounding success. Music by other hands begins as early as seven, and Mr. Jones does not desist until the early hours. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Thursday through Saturday, July 6-8, an awesome demonstration of sheer firepower: Don Ellis and his twenty-one militiamen, as well as the regiment headed by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis. On Monday, July 10, they will be replaced by a big band descended directly from the Jimmy Dorsey book of arrangements. Lee Castle is now the *régisseur*, Helen Forrest and Bob Eberly are still the chanters. Eight until two is the schedule every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The look of it is stately Vienna, the taste of it is *heuriger* Grinzing, the sound of it is George Cort's four-wheel-drive orchestra and Marco Rizo's dreamy crew. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Allotments from the Fresh Air Fund are disbursed among the trees and fireflies of the outdoor terrace, along with nourishment and music, on whatever nights the weather behaves like a gentleman. Phil Wayne's mob and a Latin contingent do music from, say, seven until one or more.

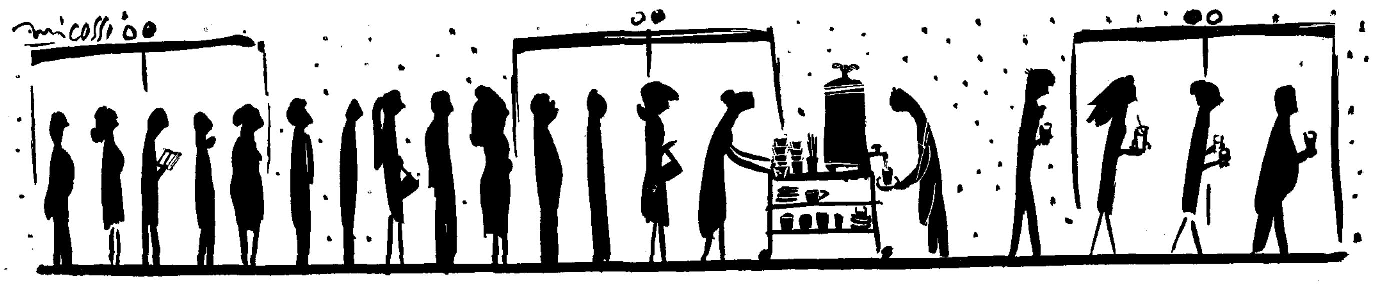
Note—**ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Nice (in every way) is the going here, for the floor is huge and unnecessary violence in choreography is forbidden. The setting is plain but painstaking; the menu is token. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Monday, July 10, is reopening night of an off-campus campus that looks after a whole bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano the whole night through—by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aides, Wayne Sanders and Sam Hamilton. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A snug, shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinnertime until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the choicest broken-Jamaica dialect. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts who gather here. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Hubble-bubble happens in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **TAMBURLAINE**, 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The setting is Outer, or Upper, Mongolia, with touches of Upper Montclair; the dance music is (most of the time) insistent. Mondays, though, it is both subtle and succulent, for then Billy Rubenstein's piano embellishes it. Another improvement, operating from six to eight, Monday through Friday, is a threesome in which Allan Haig is concerned. Closed Sundays. . . . **KIPPYS**, 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): A higher standard for the Broadway way of life, with (in the above-stairs annex) George Taylor contributing his lush-life piano and song from nine until two every evening but Sunday.

Note—Anyone who still doesn't mind that the discothèque is the Decibel's Disciple should at least wend (or rend) his way to an enterprise that offers a minimum standard of comfort and politesse—to wit: **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. The blare is both mechanical and human (Stan Sommers' Unusual) and rarely humane. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. Closed Mondays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): 'Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in



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Dali
PINCH

the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The same king's second retreat, likewise in a put-on mood, and circumnavigated by the fiddle of George Cardini, an incurable romanticist. He stays away Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A long-range, considered, but still extremely fond view of an eternal city from a terraced villa in Frascati. Musicians whose term of duty is seven-thirty until two take part. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The guitar of Rogelio Reguera covers in noble fashion the whole range of Iberian music, from the plains to the palaces, the mountains to the Moors. The dining room is one of our most splendid antique shops, and the music runs from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties have more than a bowing acquaintance in a town house that makes no concessions to the ravages of modern time. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells. No music Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar-restaurant, the hot buttered rum is the guitar of Enzio Lembo, who is on the prowl from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday and Wednesday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): My Lord, My Lady. The undercurrent in this fashionable spa is the piano, done in pastels, of George Feyer, which carries on from eight-thirty until two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Rome that was built in a latter day, but a Rome that is by no means sans-serif. The noblest Roman is Herman Honigsberg, leader of a troupe of peripatetic violinists. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The summertime reserve forces are practicing on the playing field—to wit, Nick Palmer as singer and Stu Gilliam as joker. On Thursday, July 13, Frank D'Rone, a reasonably artful singer, and comedian Jerry Collins take over. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The Devil finds mischief for the busy feet of boy and girl in the mystic and semi-detached rites of the New Terpsichore. It is done at the insistence of two maddened drafts of musicians. Eight until three is the usual schedule, but Sundays begin at three in the afternoon. No dining.

CABARETS

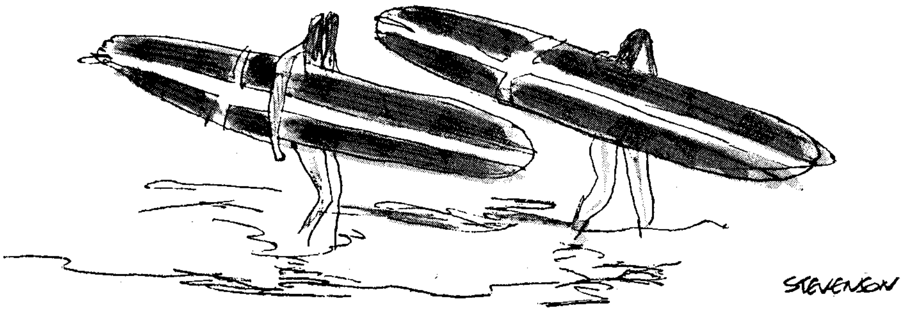
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

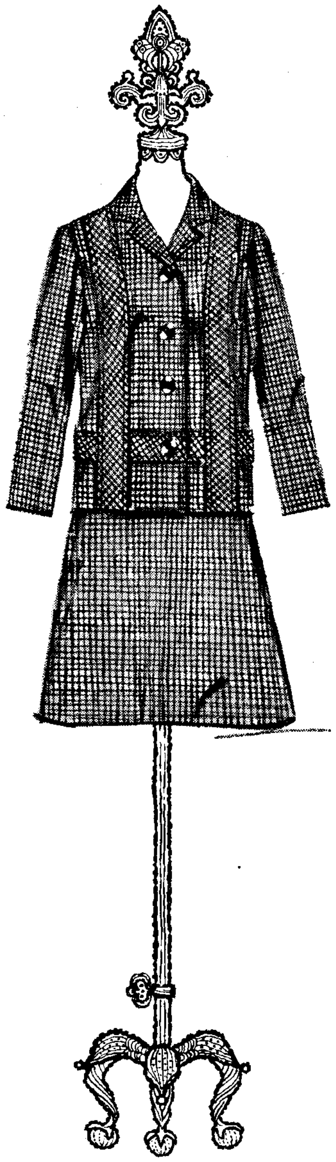
PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): On Monday, July 10, Julius Monk's red-and-gold palace will reopen to house Michael Brown, a rhyming dictionary of tricky balladry, and the trio One Plus Two. Mr. Monk will lend dignity and benignity to the proceedings; Robert Colston and Otis Clements will lend the very best double piano. Nine-thirty and onward. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A fine body of men known as Los Chavales de España applies a great deal of jubilant body Spanish to its stamping, cavorting, and flirting songs; a brace of bands urge the guests into quite a spate of exhibition dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilo Prados, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Playoffs of Mixed Doubles," a bandbox revue that draws, to an extent, on the words and music of its antecedent revues, is in progress. Judy Graubart is its major beguilement. Twice a night is the scheme. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is potluck entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The city's oldest permanent non-floating jazz game. Les McCann's threesome and Gary Burton's quartet are in charge of the summer semester. Mondays are devoted to uprisings by the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these bookings for the lower deck of this operation have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen every Monday; the rest of the time, the bumper crops harvested by Dizzy Gillespie's quintet (wit and wile) and Miles Davis's fivesome (a time for brooding). . . . ¶ On the upper deck, the two-octave hands of Willie the Lion Smith, nearly the last of a great generation, are laid on the house piano along with those of Don Ewell. Mondays are allotted to one-night-standers. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The Sphinxes that decorate the walls of this *echt* emporium maintain a discreet silence, but nothing else does, particularly the tapes that wind crisply through the local victrola, and, even more particularly, Marian McPartland's trio, whose sound is zest and *Zeitgeist* rather than the prevailing moroseness and melancholy of our jazzmen. A menu of reasonable richness is the continual accompaniment. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Booker Ervin's foursome is dispensing the music here Tuesdays through Thursdays. Friday through Sunday, July 7-9, Duke Pearson's seventeen-piece band, in which Joe Henderson is involved, will be heard. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI





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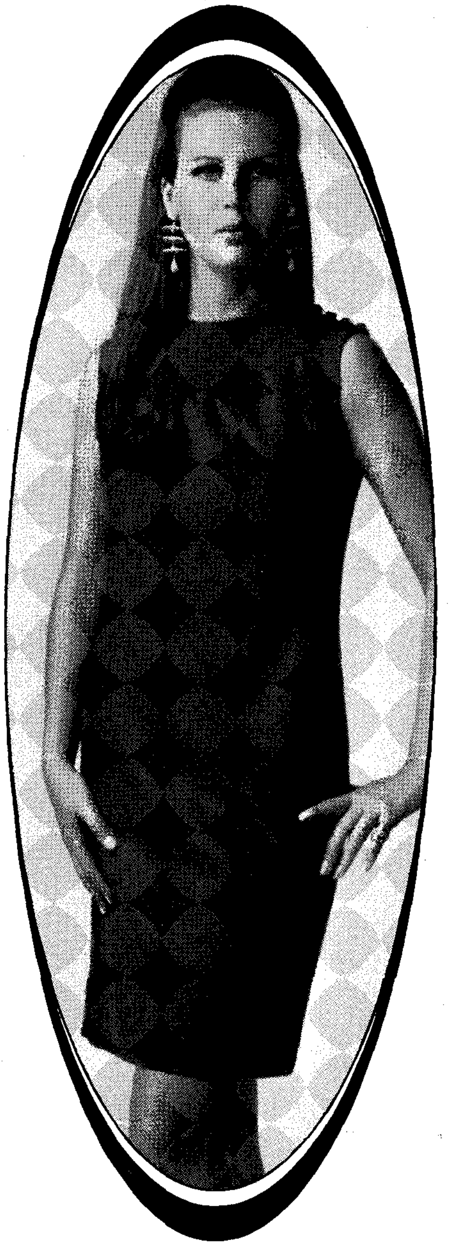

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7-9524): Roy Meriwether's trio sets to at ten; Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard man, arrives a bit earlier. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The venerable powerhouse is getting along, and with power to burn, under the guidance of such as Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Cannon to the left of us, cannon to the right. The noise, which dates back a lot of years, comes from Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Bob Wilber, Marty Napoleon, and Mr. Condon, or else exact duplicates of these traditionalists. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current eternal-youth formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Tradition is likewise forsworn by the musicians. Right now, they are Jackie McLean's quartet (every night but Monday) and Sun Ra's outerspacemen (Monday). On Tuesday, July 11, Archie Shepp's foursome will displace the McLeans. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Tony Scott, making music that is all extroversion, leads the incumbent quintet. Sundays, the Jazz Interactions have the place to themselves from five to ten; discothèque music thereafter. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): A novelty-and-notions shop has been set up here by the quintet of Elvin Jones. Ten to three is the curriculum they offer, every night but Monday. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, whose rock is Gibraltar and whose roll is midoceanic, and the jokesters labelled the Pickle Brothers are in residence. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars.

ART

(*Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open* Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JUAN GRIS—An anniversary exhibition of drawings and gouaches, many never shown here before, by a leading Cubist who died forty years ago; through Friday, July 7. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MARTA MINUJIN—A magical telephone booth that responds to the speaker's voice by changing his "environment" through color modifications, lights, images, smoke, and other effects; through July 28. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

THE ITALIAN HERITAGE (1300-1650)—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Titian, Rubens, Holbein, and Donatello, lent by American museums and private collectors; through Aug. 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES; GROUP SHOW—Pieces by Arp, Nakian, Chamberlain, Westermann, Morris, and others; through Sept. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BLACK**, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by nineteenth-century artists, among them Kensett, Weir, and Currier; through July 21. . . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "The Rainbow Room" is hung with paintings and prismatic colors by, for example, Jensen, Samaras, and Arthur B. Davies; through July 27. (Closed Mondays.). . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by Thon, Betts, Moller, Schoener, and Peirce; through July 21. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Items by such painters as Childe Hassam, Stephen Etnier, and John Twachtman; through July 28. . . . **PARK PLACE GALLERY**, 542 West Broadway, at Bleecker St.: Mac Wells, Steve Basey, and Gary Bowers are three of the participants in a show of paintings and sculptures; through July 28. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and Jean Ipousteguy (to mention a few), also Pascin drawings; through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.). . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: A portrait each by twenty-four American and four British artists, from the eighteenth century to the twentieth; through July 21. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: A recap of the gallery's exhibitions of the past season, mainly light and kinetic displays, including works by LeParc, Maddox, and Takis; through July 28.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ADRIA ART GALLERY**, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by present-day artists make up the opening show of the first Yugoslav art gallery here; through Aug. 31. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Kokoschka, Nolde, Bonnard, and Vuillard are among those represented in a loan exhibition of oils, watercolors, and prints surveying the city of Hamburg; through Friday, July 7. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Kurt Sonderborg; through July 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LOEB & KRUGIER**, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Giacometti, Balthus, Morandi, and others; through July 28.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Queen Hatshepsut to Queen Victoria; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ A selection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century prints representing views of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and environs, and the social life of the times; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Abstract art of the sixties, including color-field, hard-edge, and optical paintings, primary constructions, and motion and light compositions; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Fifty-two prints depicting artists and their artist friends, from 1890 to today; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ An exhibition commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of Picasso's "Guernica," on loan at the Museum, comprising thirty-eight preliminary drawings and sixteen postscripts; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings of this century from the Museum's collection—Cézanne, Kandinsky, Kline, de Kooning, and others; through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"American Art of the Twentieth Century," over three hundred works ranging from the realists of the early nineteen-hundreds to the advanced styles of today; through Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings revealing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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41			42	■	43		■	44			
45				46	■	■	47				
48					■	■	49				

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ACROSS

1. Rabbit or knockout
6. Florida city
11. Hollywood statue
12. Command
13. Man's first name, Ponce's last name
14. The spirit of____.
16. Kiss Me____.
17. Printed persuaders
18. Couples
20. Non-women
21. Railway stations
23. Sherlock Holmes' Baker St. address
25. Girl's name
28. How many Arabian nights?
29. Metal
31. Bends over
35. A limb
38. Hurt
39. Female deer
41. To judge
43. LXX
44. The Jones and the Sawyer boy
45. Mr. Stevenson
47. A flat cap for men or women
48. Cowboy circus
49. Baked, lima, or jelly____.

DOWN

1. White bear
2. Second-hand
3. Sergeants
4. Tin container
5. Sixty minutes (Abbr.)
6. U. S. State (Abbr.)
7. Annoy
8. First man
9. To allot
10. Girl's name
14. Soft drink
15. Into the valley of death rode the____.
18. Entries of debt
19. Privates have one
21. God (Spanish)
22. Gentlemen
23. Voting age
24. XX
26. Preposition
27. In grammar, an article
30. Electronic eye
32. Killer's license number
33. Gold (Spanish)
34. Lies down
36. Do over
37. Canasta term
39. The dumb girl
40. A portent
42. Girl's name
44. Golf term
46. Downing St. address
47. Ammunition for toy gun

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MICHIGAN

Photographs, documents, and memorabilia from the life of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, together with eighty of his landscapes and portraits; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A selection of Russian paintings from the fifteenth century to the present; through Sept. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 11.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Illustrations of the Dance Before Our Time" in prints, librettos, and books, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph manuscripts, letters, documents, first editions, and original illustrations commemorating the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harpers; through July 28. . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century French watercolors of flowers, many enlivened by the presence of insects, along with an assortment of books and manuscripts, all highlighted with pictures of flowers; through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions, comprising about a hundred works from Africa, the Pacific Islands, and the pre-Columbian Americas; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Allegorical prints reflecting European concepts of the Western Hemisphere from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth; through July 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints" by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ While you're there, you might glance at the "Dime Novels, Shilling Shockers, and Penny Dreadfuls" that enthralled readers a few generations ago; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

New York Philharmonic—Seiji Ozawa directing a Foss-Honegger program, with Vera Zorina and Michael Wager, narrators; Mary Morrison and Lilian Sukis, sopranos; Louise Parker, contralto; Stanley Kolk, tenor; Raymond Michalski, bass; the Camerata Singers; and the St. Kilian Boychoir. The last two in a series of non-subscription performances. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday and Saturday, July 7-8, at 8:30.)

Bath Festival Orchestra and Ensemble—Yehudi Menuhin conducting and playing the violin in the last in a series of concerts. Thursday, July 6: The Bath Festival Ensemble in a program of chamber music, with Maurice Gendron, cello. . . . ¶ Monday, July 10: The Bath Festival Orchestra, with George Malcolm, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 12: The Ensemble in an all-Brahms chamber-music program, with Hephzibah Menuhin, piano, and Mr. Gendron. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 13: The Orchestra, with Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Miss Menuhin. (Philharmonic Hall. Evenings at 8:30.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, and his musicians from India. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, July 11, at 8:30.)

Bismillah Khan—Shehnai, and *his* musicians from India. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, July 14, at 8:30.)

Music Outdoors—(In the event of threatening weather, call 909-1234 for news)—**prospect park,** Brooklyn: Friday, July 7, at 8:30 (rain date, July 9), the Metropolitan Opera presenting "Madame Butterfly" in concert form, with Martina Arroyo, Marcia Baldwin, Carlotta Ordassy, William Olvis, William Walker, and Paul Franke. . . . **central park's sheep meadow:** Saturday, July 8, at 8 (rain date, July 9), "Tosca," the final production in the Met's series of concert performances in the parks, with Jean Fenn, Bruno Prevedi, Walter Cassel, Russell Christopher, and Fernando Corena . . . **central park mall:** Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays and Sundays at 8:30, and on Fridays at 7, for picnickers; through Sunday, Aug. 13. Aaron Copland will conduct five of his own works on Sunday, July 9.) . . . **wollman rink:** Pop, rock, jazz, folk singers and musicians; musical salutes to various nations; and Lord knows what else, brewed and bottled by the Rheingold people and presented Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays. Some concerts start at 6, some at 8, and some are repeated at 10:30. (For information about times and tickets, call 249-8870.) During the next week, keep an eye out for Spanky and Our Gang, Dave Brubeck's quartet, and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. . . . **washington square:** Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the first of two concerts here, this one with Charles Libove, violin. (Monday, July 10, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.) . . . **carl schurz park:** Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in a second performance of the Washington Square program. (Thursday, July 13, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

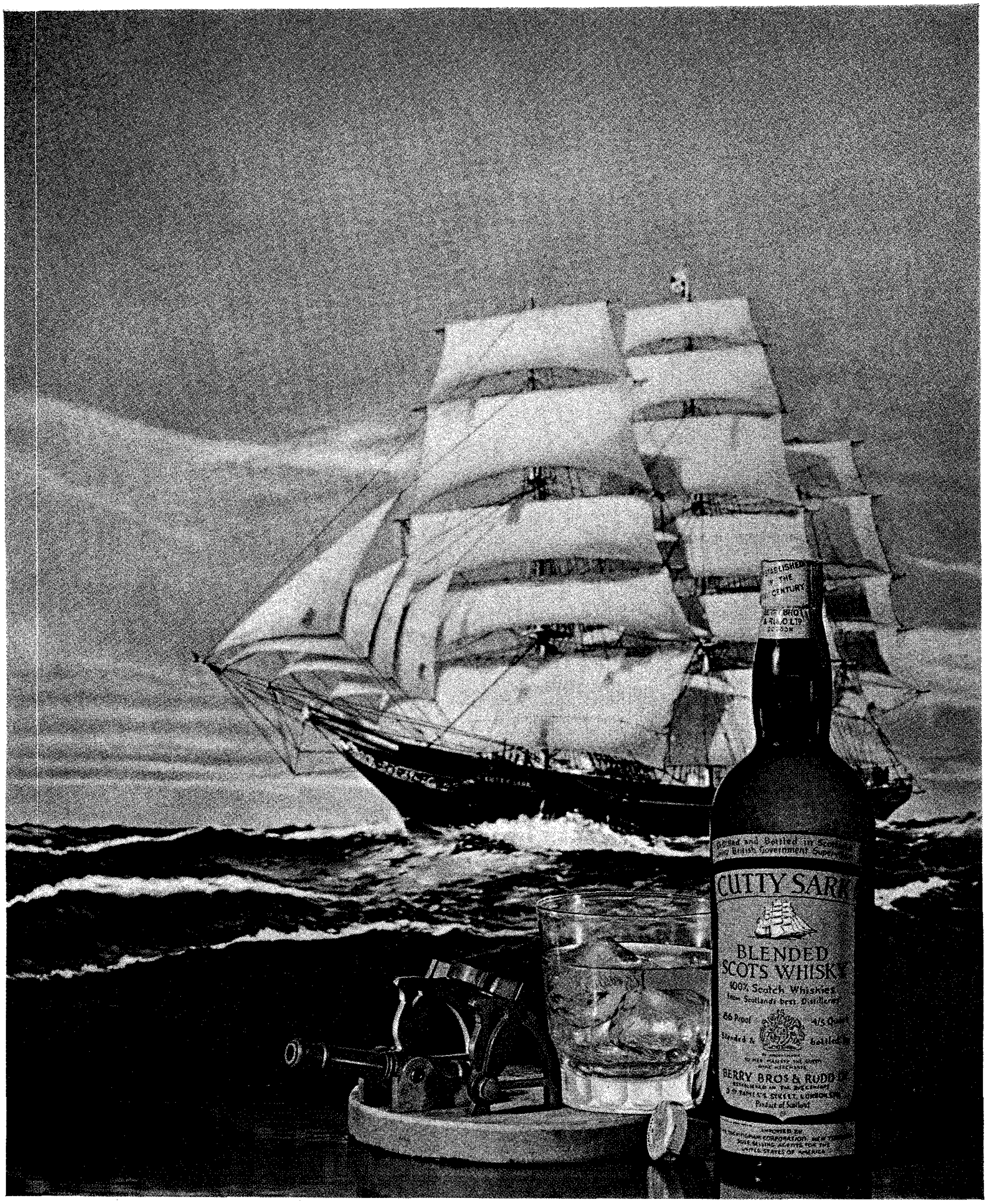
Jazz—Thursday, July 6, at 8:30: Lester Young and the Charlie Parker Memorial Saxophone Society. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 13, at 8:30: Steve Lacy's quartet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 7, at 7: Evelyne Crochet, piano, in an all-Mozart recital. . . . ¶ Three all-Mozart programs performed by a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members. Friday, July 7, at 9: Jorge Mester conducting, with Claude Frank, piano. . . . Saturday, July 8, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Miss Crochet. . . . Sunday, July 9, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Mr. Frank. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 11, at 8: A song recital by Phyllis Curtin, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 14, at 7: E. Power Biggs, organ, in an all-Bach recital. . . . ¶ Friday, July 14, at 9: Antonio Janigro conducting the chamber orchestra in an all-Vivaldi program, with Doriot Dwyer, flute; Sherman Walt, bassoon; Ralph Gomberg, oboe; Lois Schaefer, piccolo; and the conductor, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing the chamber orchestra in a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Gene Bullard, tenor; Tom Krause, baritone; the Tanglewood Choir; and the Berkshire Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf directing the chamber orchestra in an all-Bach program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin; Miss Wolff; the Messrs. Bullard and Krause; and the Tanglewood Choir. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 20.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the New York City Ballet of a three-week season that ends on Sunday, July 30—Friday through Sunday, July 7-9: "The Jewels." . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 11: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "Four Temperaments," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 12: "Concerto Barocco," "Prodigal Son," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 13: "Firebird," "Illuminations," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, July 14: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "Four Temperaments," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15: "Concerto Barocco," "Prodigal Son," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 16: "Firebird," "Illuminations," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 27. For tickets, call PL 7-8268, in New York, Mondays through Fridays.)

Newport Folk Festival—Monday, July 10, at 6: Folk dancing and demonstrations. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 11, at 8: "Tales and Tunes," with Jimmie Driftwood, Jean Ritchie, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 13, at 2: Hootenanny. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 13, at 8: "Topical Songs from '76 to '67," with Judy Collins, the New Lost City Ramblers, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 14, at 8: "New York, New York," with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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theodore Bikel, Oscar Brand, Pete Seeger, and others.... ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 8: "Country Music and Blues," with Maybelle Carter, Muddy Waters and the Blues Band (with Otis Spann), and others.... ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 11: Free concert of religious music.... ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 2: "Songwriters and the Contemporary Scene," with Judy Collins, the Teatro Campesino, and others.... ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 8: Jim Kweskin and the Jug Band, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, and others. (Festival Field. For tickets, call PL 7-8600, in New York.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 8, at 3:30: Ravi Shankar and his musicians.... ¶ Sunday, July 9, at 8:30: Judy Collins.... ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 3:30: Dave Brubeck.... ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 8:30: The Modern Jazz Quartet. (Lenox, Mass.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 8: Soloists of the Manhattan Festival Ballet, Norman Walker and his company (with Cora Cahan), and Rebecca Harris.... ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 11-15: Maria Alba's Spanish Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday, July 7, at 8; Saturday, July 8, at 8 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving members of the 1962 Met team and the 1960 Yankee team, will start at about 7); and Sunday, July 9, at 2.... **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Mets, Wednesday, July 12, at 8 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball).... ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, July 13, at 8; Friday, July 14, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); and Saturday, July 15, at 2.

Golf—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 6-9.)

Pan-American Rowing Trials—Canoes and kayaks, Friday and Saturday, July 7-8, at 10, and Sunday, July 9, at 11.... ¶ Fours, pairs, and double sculls, Thursday, July 13, at 3; Friday, July 14, at 4; and Saturday, July 15, at 5. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.... **BETHPAGE POLO FIELD**, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Astoria, Wednesday, July 12, and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 15.... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium—**UNITED SOCCER ASSOCIATION**: New York (represented by Cerro of Uruguay) vs. Houston (represented by Bangu of Brazil), Saturday, July 8, at 8. ... **NATIONAL PROFESSIONAL SOCCER LEAGUE**: Generals vs. Chicago Spurs, Sunday, July 9, at 2:30.

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Saturday, July 15, at 3:15, and Sunday, July 16, at 1.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, July 24.... **HISTORIC TRACK**, Goshen: Thursday and Friday, July 6-7, at 1:30.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

Yachting—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport, R.I. Thursday, July 6, through Tuesday, July 18.)... ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 15.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—While the General Assembly is in session, visitors will not be allowed to attend any meetings in the United Nations Headquarters.... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building (First Ave. at 45th St.) every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

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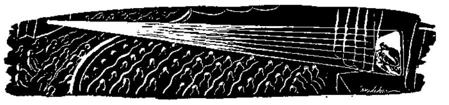
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Accident—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a domestic melodrama made all the more exciting by being laid in the peaceful English countryside. Directed by Joseph Losey, from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Barefoot in the Park—Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer in Neil Simon's funny adaptation of his funny Broadway play. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Bible—John Huston directed this great big silly picture book, and he also plays, most agreeably, the role of Noah. He appears to have had more fun with his animals than with his actors. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Big City—Satyajit Ray's beautiful observation of a Calcutta girl's experience of moving between a traditional Indian home and a show-off Westernized office where she trains as a saleslady to push home knitting machines. The observation is quiet, deep-running, and also meticulously humorous. In Bengali and English. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Blow-Up—An account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by the poetic eye of Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Casino Royale—Six directors, three screenwriters, and an enormous cast have unexpectedly proved to be just the right number of chefs to make this spicy broth of a picture. Starring David Niven, Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, Orson Welles, Deborah Kerr, Ursula Andress, and practically anyone else you care to name. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through July 11.)

The Deadly Affair—A very good spy story, directed by Sidney Lumet and starring James Mason, Simone Signoret, Harriet Andersson, Harry Andrews, and Kenneth Haigh. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 11.)

Grand Prix—Unless you have an invincible aversion to racing cars, this should strike you as one of the best movies of the year. With Yves Montand, James Garner, and Eva Marie Saint, directed with superb gusto by John Frankenheimer. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand is extremely effective as the dogged hero of this strong, sad story about the aftermath of the Spanish Civil War. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; and Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

A Guide for the Married Man—An odd little comedy, brought to life by Walter Matthau, who can do no wrong. There are lots of other familiar funny faces on hand. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Hawaii—A long, foolish account of how Christian missionaries spoiled things for the happy Polynesians. With Max von Sydow and Julie Andrews. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Jokers—How to pluck the Crown Jewels out of the Tower of London. An exciting comedy, directed by Michael Winner and starring Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

King of Hearts—The director of "The Love Game," Philippe de Broca, makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. In French and English. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Made in Italy—Director Nanni Loy offers an album of Italian sketches, mostly comic. Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, and Sylva Koscina are among those present. In Italian. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting July 12.)

A Man and a Woman—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by an excellent cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Taming of the Shrew—In which the director, Franco Zeffirelli, seeks to lend Shakespeare a helping hand. With Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A diverting movie, which would have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie, and directed by George Roy Hill. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

To Sir, with Love—A glib parable about getting on with one another, with Sidney Poitier quelling a classful of East End kids in London. Directed by James Clavell, who adapted it from a novel by E. R. Braithwaite. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Ulysses—Joseph Strick has led an admirable cast with tact and intelligence down several of the main pathways in the Joycean labyrinth. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Woman Times Seven—Peter Sellers appears once in mourning, Alan Arkin offers an interlude of brilliantly withdrawn comedy as a struggling intender of suicide, and Shirley MacLaine plays seven parts with an implication of a wit that no one uses. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, in a tone that is formula Hollywood at its purest. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

You Only Live Twice—James Bond again, with Sean Connery and a series of numb girls in a situation with a megalomaniac aspiring dictator, a stylishly furnished volcano, and *sake* served at the correct 98.4° F. The mood of the screenplay coarsens the original cheeky style of the series. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

REVIVALS

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 6.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 9.)

Cartouche (1964)—A takeoff on romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 11.... ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 7.)

Diabolique (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 11.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 10.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 11.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 11-12.... ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 12.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 11-12.... ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 12.)

The Knack (1965)—A comedy of sex in London, with Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 10.)

Loves of a Blonde (1966)—A Czechoslovakian comedy about how hard it is to be young and in love. Directed by Miloš Forman. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 11.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 9.)

The Sleeping Car Murder (1966)—Yves Montand and Simone Signoret in a thriller, laid mainly in Paris. Directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through July 11.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—The Disney classic. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. With Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 8.)

A Summer to Remember (1961)—A picture demonstrating that to be a child in a Russian village is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 6.)

The Wages of Fear (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin on a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through July 11.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Six programs in a series of Czechoslovakian films. July 6 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Nobody Laughs Last" (1965).... July 7 at 2 and 5:30: "Diamonds of the Night" (1964).... July 8 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "The First Cry" (1963).... July 9 at 2 and 5:30: "Courage for Every Day" (1964).... July 10 at 2 and 5:30: "Lady of the Trolley Tracks" (1966).... July 11 at 2 and 5:30: "The Fifth Horseman Is Fear" (1964).... ¶ July 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Cabiria" (1914), an Italian film.... **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Six programs in a series called "A Tribute to Arthur Freed." July 6: "Panama Hattie" (1942), with Ann Sothern and Red Skelton.... ¶ July 7: "For Me and My Gal" (1942), with Judy Garland and Gene Kelly.... ¶ July 8: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943), with Ethel Waters and Eddie Anderson.... ¶ July 9: "Du Barry Was a Lady" (1943), with Red Skelton and Lucille Ball. ... ¶ July 11: "The Harvey Girls" (1946), with Judy Garland and John Hodiak.... ¶ July 12: "Girl Crazy" (1943), with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.)... **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Gunn," Craig Stevens, Laura Devon.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Family Way," Hayley Mills, John Mills.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"For a Few Dollars More," Clint Eastwood.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 11: **THE ENDLESS SUMMER**, revival.
From July 12: **MADE IN ITALY** (in Italian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through July 12: "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin; and "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 11: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival.
From July 12: "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin; and "Kapo," revival, Susan Strasberg.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"For a Few Dollars More," Clint Eastwood.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS, revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE JOKERS.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through July 9: **CAMILLE**, revival; and **NINOTCHKA**, revival.
July 10: **THE KNACK**, revival; and **8½** (in Italian), revival.
July 11-12: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Family Way," Hayley Mills, John Mills.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Gunn," Craig Stevens, Laura Devon.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WOMAN TIMES SEVEN.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 11: "Three," a Yugoslav film.
From July 12: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 11: "El Dorado," John Wayne, Robert Mitchum; and "The Sea Pirate," Terence Morgan.
From July 12: "Africa—Texas Style!," Hugh O'Brian, John Mills; and "Hostile Guns," George Montgomery, Yvonne De Carlo.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
Through July 11: **CASINO ROYALE.**
From July 12: "The Big Mouth," Jerry Lewis.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
"Deathwatch," Leonard Nimoy.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 11: **THE DEADLY AFFAIR**; and **LOVES OF A BLONDE**, revival, a Czechoslovakian film.
From July 12: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of nonprofessionals), revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
BLOW-UP.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 11: **CASINO ROYALE.**
From July 12: "The Big Mouth," Jerry Lewis.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 11: **THE WAGES OF FEAR** (in French and English), revival; and **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival.
From July 12: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through July 11: "El Dorado," John Wayne, Robert Mitchum; and "The Sea Pirate," Terence Morgan.
From July 12: "Africa—Texas Style!," Hugh O'Brian, John Mills; and "Hostile Guns," George Montgomery, Yvonne De Carlo.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Palaces of a Queen," a tour of six palaces belonging to Queen Elizabeth II.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
THE BIG CITY (in Bengali and English).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
KING OF HEARTS (in French and English).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"A Rose for Everyone" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Nino Manfredi.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
WOMAN TIMES SEVEN.

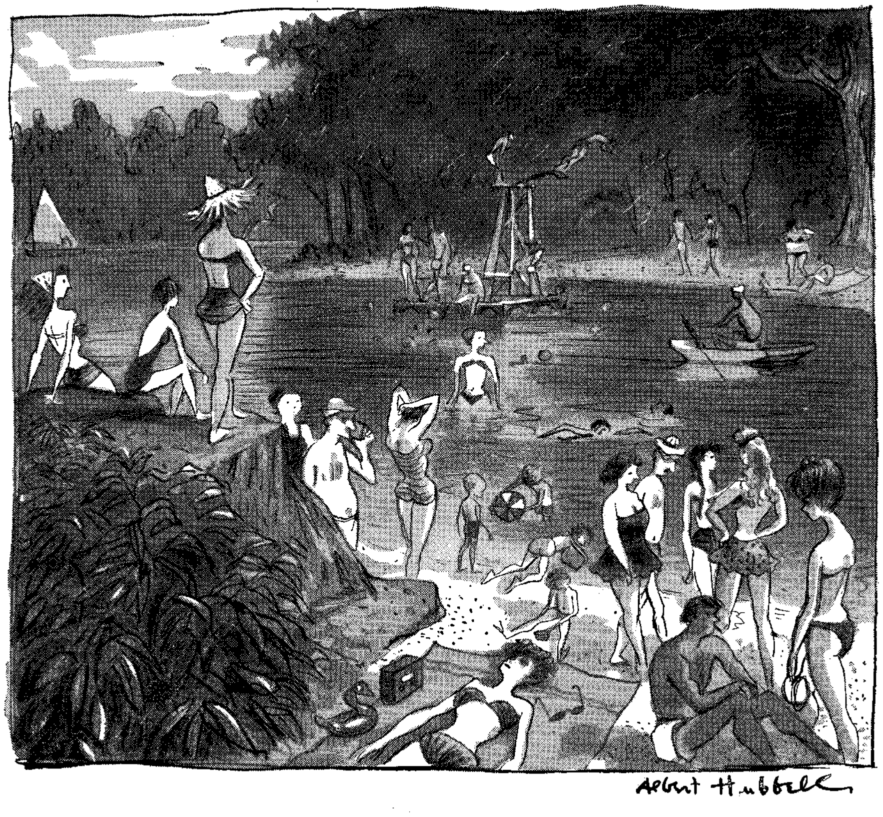
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 12: "Band of Outsiders" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Sami Frey; and "Masculine Feminine" (in French), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 11: "El Dorado," John Wayne, Robert Mitchum; and "The Defector," Montgomery Clift, Hardy Krüger.
From July 12: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 6: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** and **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (both in Russian and both revivals).
July 7: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival.
July 8: **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
July 9: "Flamenco" (in Spanish), revival.
July 10: "Rapture," revival, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Gozzi; and "Lola" (in French), revival, Anouk Aimée, Marc Michel.
July 11: **CARTOUCHE** (in French), revival; and "Male Hunt" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
July 12: "One Potato, Two Potato," revival, Barbara Barrie, Bernie Hamilton; and "Lilies of the Field," revival, Sidney Poitier, Lila Skala.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 11: **THE WAGES OF FEAR** (in French and English), revival; and **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French), revival.
From July 12: To be announced.



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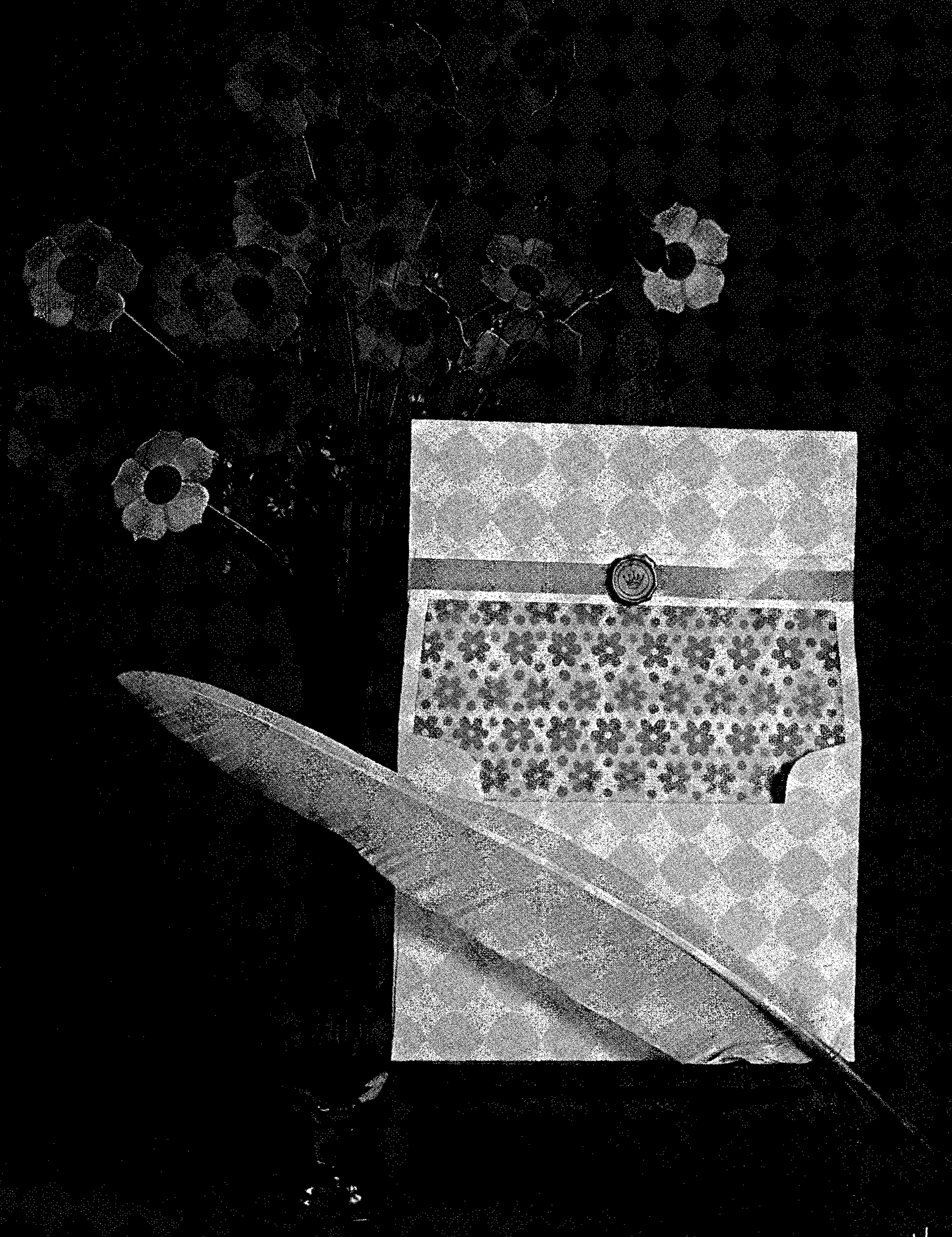

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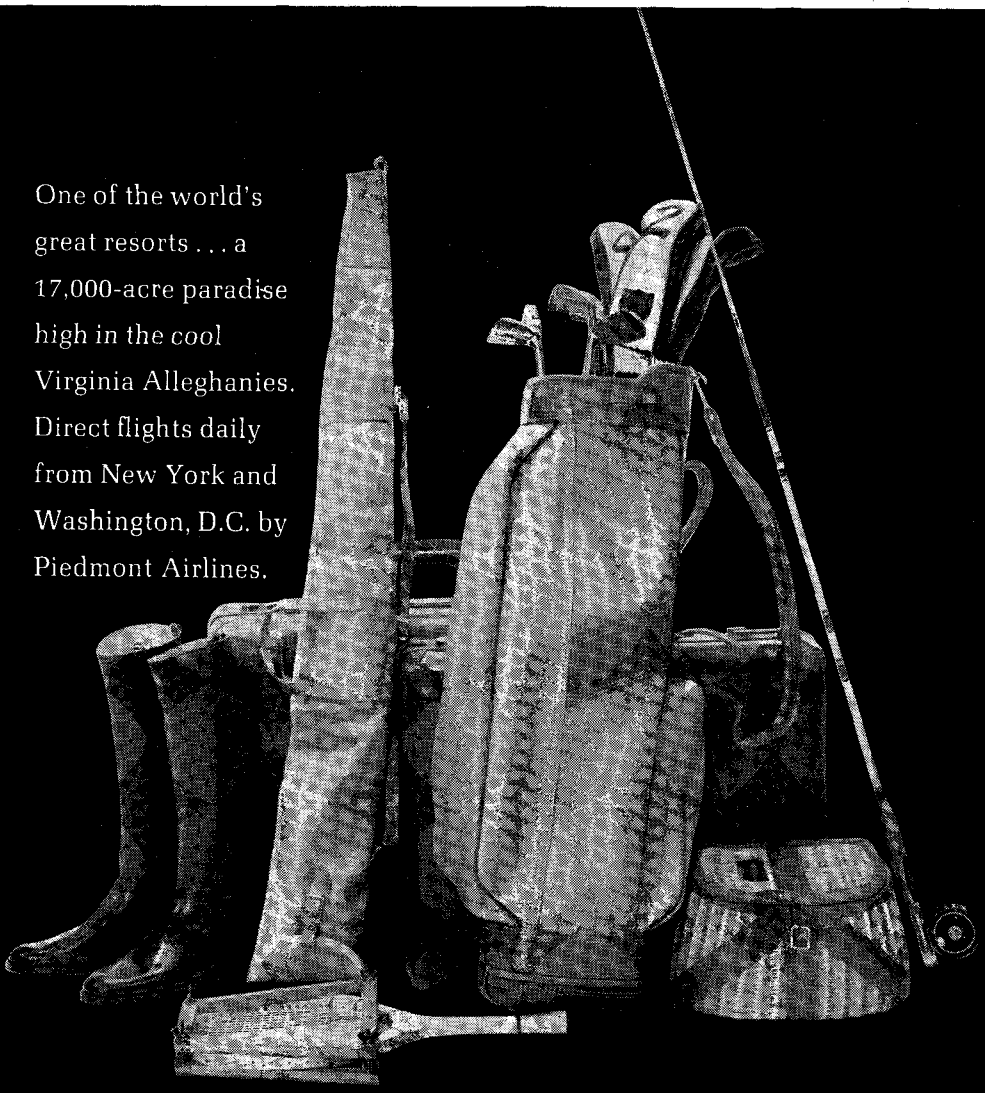

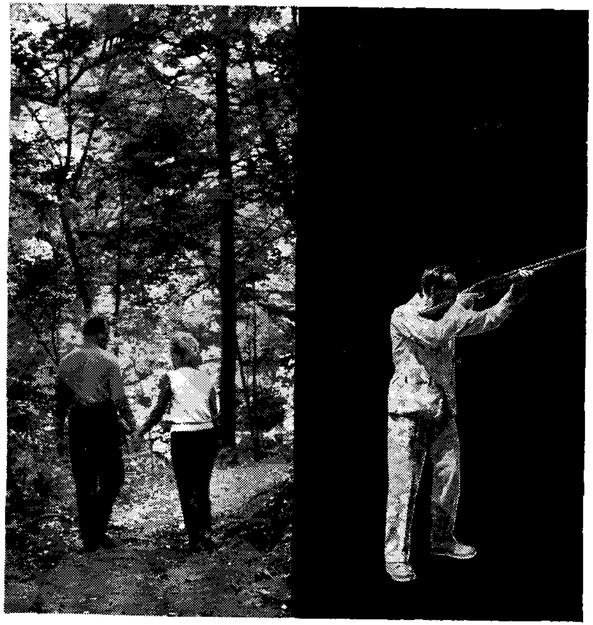

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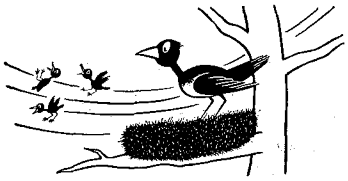
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LIVING under rain and cloud this spring and early summer has proved difficult for some drought-trained generations of suburban things and impossible for others. Tent caterpillars have failed to make it at all in many districts where they normally strip wild cherry, growing in its long hedgerows, down to black tree ghosts; some unfavorable chemistry of May cold and wet blighted the egg masses just in time. Friendly things, too, have been hurt; a plight of tanagers, beaten down to city lawns by the cold weather and the consequent lack of insects, has been given lengthy public notice. There have been short, sad tales—of the familiar matter-of-factness with which society treats everything relating to the robin—of young robins blown out of their nests by northeasters. The habitat of human beings has not been immune. The ground below has again become an invisible river for the rise and flow of water; householders have been startled to hear, in some vague cellarward region, the sigh and clang of rusted sump pumps being summoned out of their long drought-induced anachronism. Germination has been uncertain in undersunned gardens, and growth reluctant. The season has been running three weeks behind the calendar. Apple blossoms were late enough for hummingbirds; Glassboro, New Jersey, was still picking its strawberry crop on the twenty-third of June.

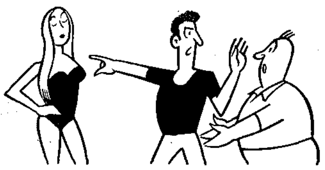


AUGUST HECKSCHER, the Commissioner of Parks, who is also knowledgeable about the arts, once told us that one way of appreciating the city was to look not at the buildings but at the spaces between them. This trick, he said, he had borrowed from Japanese art, in which the spaces between objects sometimes form a more interesting pattern than the objects themselves. We don't know much about Japanese art, but we do know a little something about the city, and we suspect that most of it would make a lousy Japanese print, spaces between buildings being so often nonexistent. In the early nineteenth century, when the city fathers were planning for the future growth of Manhattan, one of the plans called for a number of small parks—open spaces a block or so across—to be distributed around the city, and we wondered one day last week, as we were going down Park Avenue in a taxicab, what New York would be like if that plan had been adopted. Then, as we approached Fifty-second Street, we came upon a brand-new space in the city—the site of the imposing old Ambassador (later Sheraton-East) Hotel, recently demolished to make way for an office building. (When we asked our driver what used to be there, he said he had already forgotten.) If the old hotel needs a memorial (and it does, to judge by our cabdriver), it has one, however briefly, in the space it left behind—a handsome square, bounded by Park and Lexington Avenues and by Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets. On the downtown side of the square is St. Bartholomew's Church, a sturdy Byzantine structure that looks very handsome from a distance and now temporarily dominates the area like a transplanted Santa Sophia. The best-looking square we've ever seen in the city was the one that briefly graced Forty-fourth Street before construction began on the Pan Am Building. This square was bounded by Grand Central Station, the Grand Central Building, the post office, and a good-looking row of skyscrapers that included the Biltmore Hotel and the Yale Club. As we go about the city, we sometimes find ourself eying buildings destructively and speculating on what kind of space they would leave behind. Our own block, for instance, has the makings of a nice park, affording customers at Stern's easy access—through lawns and shrubbery—to the Algonquin, across the way.

Run-Through

"DOCTOR! Doctor!" wailed a fat, frenzied man. "I appeal to you!"

"No, you don't," snapped the doctor. He pointed at a stunning long-legged chorus girl standing nearby, and leered. "*She*," he yelled, "appeals to me!"



At the utterance of this classic exchange, everybody—including us—broke up, Soupy Sales (who was the doctor) beamed, and the rehearsal of "Hellzapoppin '67" came to a very brief halt while order was restored.

"It's wild!" cried Sales, who will star in the show twice nightly this summer at Expo 67. "It breaks me up! It really *does!*"

The cast was rehearsing in a couple of big rooms on East Seventy-third Street one afternoon last week, under the supervision of Alexander H. Cohen, a producer who is best known for such sombre and lofty productions as "The Homecoming," "Ivanov," and "The Devils." Now, however, Cohen, seated beside a piano and holding a script, was laughing harder than anybody else. Posted on the door was a list titled "Hellzapoppin Running Order," with such numbered shticks (an old burlesque term for comedy scenes or "bits") as:

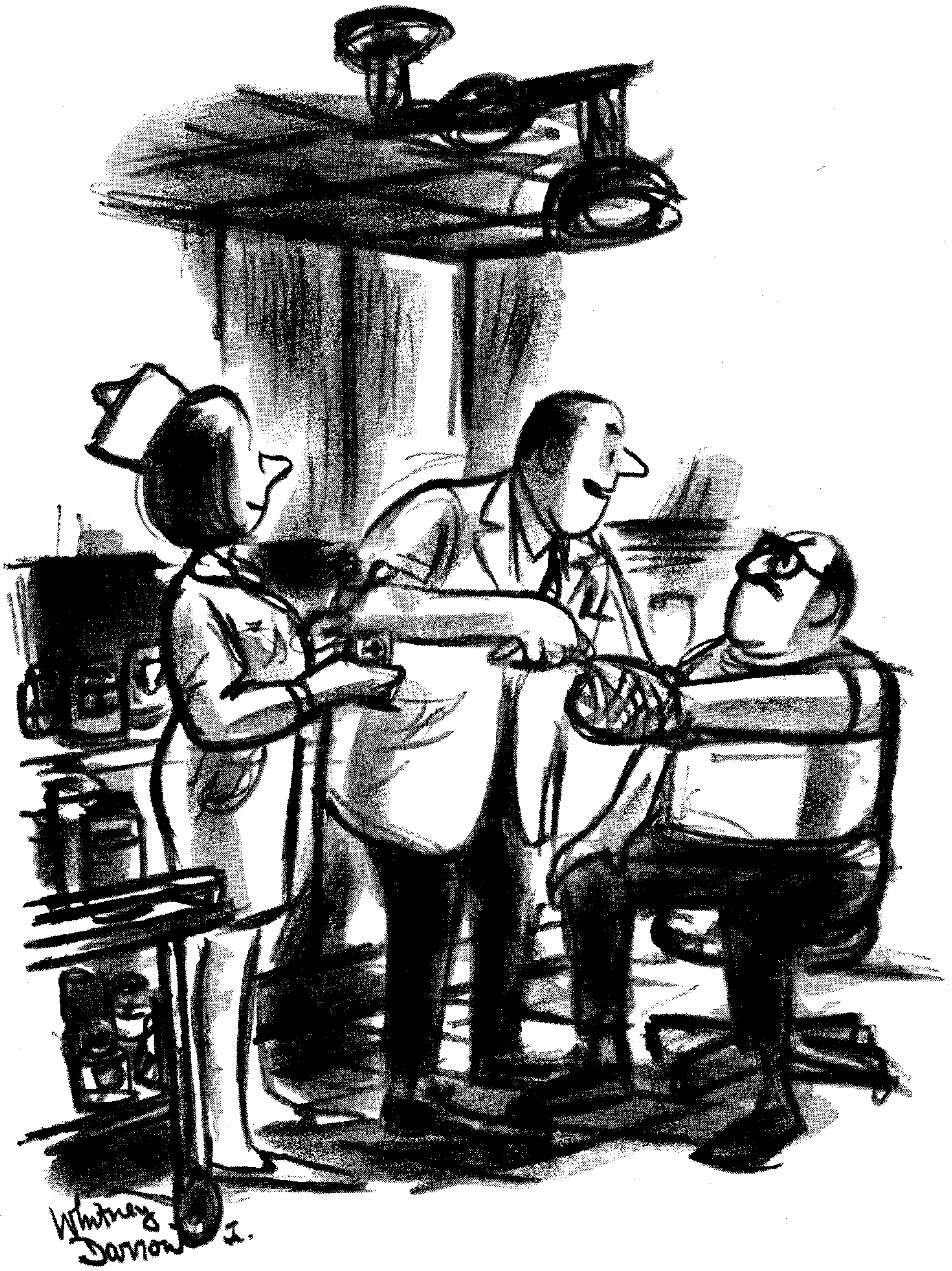
8. How Long
9. Argument
10. Auctioneer
11. Indian
12. Yiddish
13. Baby Crying

The rehearsal resumed, coursing lightning-fast through the shticks, many of them two-line gags—a manic sequence of misunderstandings, shriekings, embraces, fights, explosions, pratfalls, and mugging, with the gifted Sales in the middle, setting a giddy pace. (In the next room, a group of good-looking dancers was rehearsing a production number—a bumps-and-grinds musical event with an aviation theme, called "The Air Strip.")

"I've produced this show for Expo 67, but I'm going to bring a 'Hellzapoppin '68' to New York in December," Cohen, who is a stocky, energetic man with a crew cut, had told us a few minutes before the run-through began. "I think of it as my Christmas present to New York. The original show—its title was spelled with hyphens: 'Hellz-a-Poppin'—was, all in all, the best show I've ever seen. I remember it was the first thing in my lifetime that totally, absolutely moved me. I saw the very first matinée they had, in 1938, and I'm convinced that that performance made me a theatrical producer. What joy it radiated!" He gazed at the ceiling, and his eyes appeared misty. "I remember Olsen coming out and shooting a gun in the air to announce his arrival—and six dead birds fell out of the flies. Johnson looks at the birds and says, '*My God! It's a good thing cows don't fly!*' Whereupon two cows come falling down. I saw the show fifty times, I'd guess, over the next ten years—it became 'Sons o' Fun,' then 'Laffing Room Only,' and then 'Pardon Our French'—and Olsen and Johnson got to know me. They'd spot me in the audience, and they'd stop the show and yell, 'There he is again! Everybody say hello to Alex Cohen!' They were wonderful guys—hammy old vaudevillians. The show began long before the curtain went up, and lasted until you were out on the street. Bits like the man with the growing tree. Early in the show, he came down the aisle carrying a small potted plant and yelling 'Call for Mrs. Jones!' and every time he came back the plant was a few feet taller. When you left the theatre, the guy was in the lobby, up in the branches of a huge tree, still yelling 'Call for Mrs. Jones!' You can't imagine theatre like that today. We are portentous, pretentious, and dull. The theatre *needs* 'Hellzapoppin.' I'm a complete contradiction myself. When you've spent as much time as I have doing 'The Homecoming' and Chekhov and—"

A striking six-foot girl dancer walked by, and Cohen glanced over. "That stops me every time," he murmured happily.

Soupy Sales, in a brown jersey and white trousers, dashed in, ran up to Cohen, shook his hand, and then pointed at one of Cohen's feet. "Can I show you something in an oxford?" he inquired. Cohen roared with delight, and a moment later the run-through began, the performers swinging joyfully through "Snake Charmer," "Cowboy," "Napoleon," "Husband-Wife," "Window-Washer," and "Bank Holdup."


Whitney Darrow Jr.

"Personally, I simply would have changed channels."

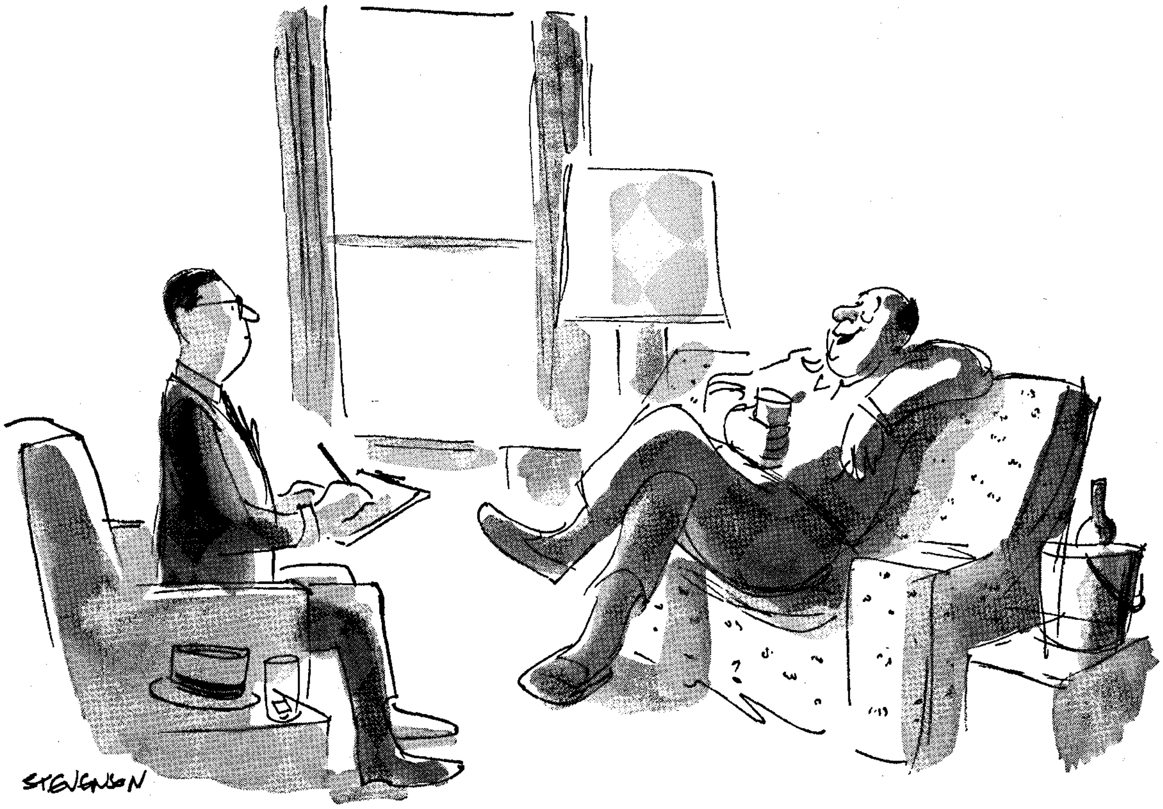
There'll Always . . .

A CONNOISSEUR of understatement reports that over the entrance to the garage of J. Davy Car Hire, Ltd., on Arlington Street, London S.W.1, a sign, painted in large black letters, reads:

DRIVE NICELY

A River on Fourth Street

THERE is a fire hydrant on the north side of East Fourth Street, between Avenue B and Avenue C, across from the Iglesia Bautista Emmanuel, and at five-thirty one warm afternoon last week three small boys turned it on. They used a wire milk-bot-



"Nixon? He's wonderful, too. They're all *wonderful—wonderful, warm people, and great, great Americans."*

tle basket as a wrench and sent a geyser of water into the air—a brilliant white shower against the dark tenements—and then stuck beer cans in front of the opening, shaping the stream into narrow jets and broad cascades, and aiming it wherever they wanted it to go. The water spread across the street, filling the fancy indentations of the manhole covers, then submerging them, and soon a torrent of gleaming water was running through both gutters, flowing around the tires of parked cars, all the way to Avenue C. A small crowd had gathered in front of a grocery store, El Vete y Vuelve, across the street and was watching several young men, stripped to the waist, take turns lifting a barbell. Among the onlookers was a portly man tending a blue-and-red wagon filled with paper cups, ice, and a dozen Pepsi-Cola bottles containing colored syrups to pour over the ice. The block was full of sounds—sharp whistles, music, an occasional firecracker, the crying of babies, the clang of the barbell against the sidewalk, shouts, laughter, and the *thwack-thwack* of a handball game in a school playground behind the hydrant. People of all ages were sitting on stoops, doorsteps, windowsills, balustrades, fire escapes, garbage cans, the hoods of cars, and kitchen chairs set out on the sidewalks; they chatted with each other and called to friends across the street. "If you don't get out of that water!" a plump lady in a flowered dress shouted to some children who were jumping in and out of the gutter. The children paid no attention, and the woman sank back on her chair. The children began to splash each other, using sticks. All along the block, smaller children were kneeling on the sidewalk, dipping beer cans and other containers into the river, or launching pieces of wood or cardboard, which then floated downstream, in and out of the shadows beneath the parked cars. One little girl tiptoed, teetering like a tightrope walker, along the outer edge of the sidewalk, her arms extended for balance. A man and a woman went by, she wearing a lavender corsage and he wearing a T-shirt; they passed a plump mother who was pushing three infants in a stroller. Bicycles veered in and out. A red open convertible roared through the hydrant shower, its driver, sideburned and sullen, staring straight ahead, but other cars, their windows rolled up, paused in the impact zone for a free car wash, the occupants grinning as the water thumped against the doors. A boy with a bright-yellow shoeshine box was giving shines near Avenue B. In windows high above the street, old people leaned on pillows and gazed down at the action: the repeating parabola of a girl's white jump rope; the barbell going up and down, up and down; a tossed beer can bounding across the pavement. Some old people, though, did not look out; they sat back, their heads just visible above the sills, listening, perhaps, or simply being near the open window. Many of the buildings—tawny, rust-colored, faded reddish-brown—were ornate, high up, with carved semicircular pediments, garlanded panels, and other elaborate decorations. Several dogs were lying on the delicate-looking fire escapes, and in one window a mother sat with a naked child. A small girl bent over beside the hydrant, stuck out her tongue, and drank from the spray. Behind her, inside the high wire fence of the playground, where young men were playing handball in their undershirts and a boy was hitting pop flies with a broom handle to a distant friend, a skinny boy threw a ball up in the air—straight up, until it cleared the tops of the tenements and seemed to hang in the sky—and then caught it and sent it back up. "LA VIDA ES SUEÑO," said big hand-painted letters on the black tarpaper wall of the nearest building.

Four hours later, we went to a huge benefit première of a pseudo-psychedelic, semi-Happening light-and-sound show a few blocks north of Fourth Street. People came in black tie or in costume, many by limousine, and stood packed in line on the street for half an hour, waiting to get in. Once inside, they were exposed to multi-screen projections, pulsating photographs, flashing and vibrating lights, piercing electronic sounds, a band blasting, acrobats, a girl dancing in a gold bikini. People stood shoulder to shoulder, unable to speak above the din, staring at other people, and a few danced where they could find space, but we didn't see anyone laugh or smile.

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OVERHEARD in a Madison Avenue elevator, one well-tanned man to another: "I know Montgomery is furious, but when his secretary called for the fire extinguisher, I was in conference."

Voice

"OUR task is now to work together with malice towards none and charity towards all in order to construct a future with peace instead of tension, with confidence instead of suspicion, with collaboration instead of hatred and hostility," said United Nations Ambassador Edvard Hambro when he got up to address the General Assembly last week, right after King Hussein of Jordan had taken the floor and right before Foreign Minister Abba Eban got up to exercise his right of reply. To us, Mr. Hambro's calming voice sounded like the voice of hope itself, and for those few minutes we had the feeling that world peace, no matter what, is actually attainable. We lost no time in making an appointment to call on Mr. Hambro at the office of the Norwegian Mission to the U.N., on the fourteenth floor of 757 Third Avenue, and there we immediately got a renewed sense of calm and reassurance. Like many Scandinavians, Mr. Hambro is tall, handsome, pink-complexioned, and all-around responsible-looking, and he speaks in a light, cheerful-sounding voice. From his office he has a wonderful view of traffic on the East River, of the United Nations Park, of Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza, and, closer, of sunbathers on the roof of the Grand Central Y.M.C.A. He is surrounded by lawbooks and journals, including a shelfful of journals of the American Society of International Law, of which he has been a member for about thirty years, and on his desk stand a small lithograph of his wife done by her mother and a small photograph of his wife and her sister as children, playing in Little Red Riding Hood costumes. He keeps an old Underwood upright close to his desk. He told us that his speech was the only one he had made at this session of the General Assembly, and that it summed up the official viewpoint of his government. "We want to be reasonable," Mr. Hambro told us. "We are trying to be helpful. We want to be able to help the U.N. get a large number of votes for an intermediary solution. As I said in our statement, the Norwegian government hope that it will be possible, through *all* the avenues at our disposal and with the coöperation of *all* the parties to the dispute, to reach a solution acceptable to all, even though we realize that this may demand more time and more patience than many people thought when the present session was convened."

"How did the other delegates respond to your speech?" we asked.

"On the whole, they are very polite people," Mr. Hambro told us. "They even flatter you after a speech, but that should not be taken very seriously. One should remember that flattery is a deadly poison but that it works very slowly. In any event, on a personal level, relations are friendly, courteous, and even cordial."

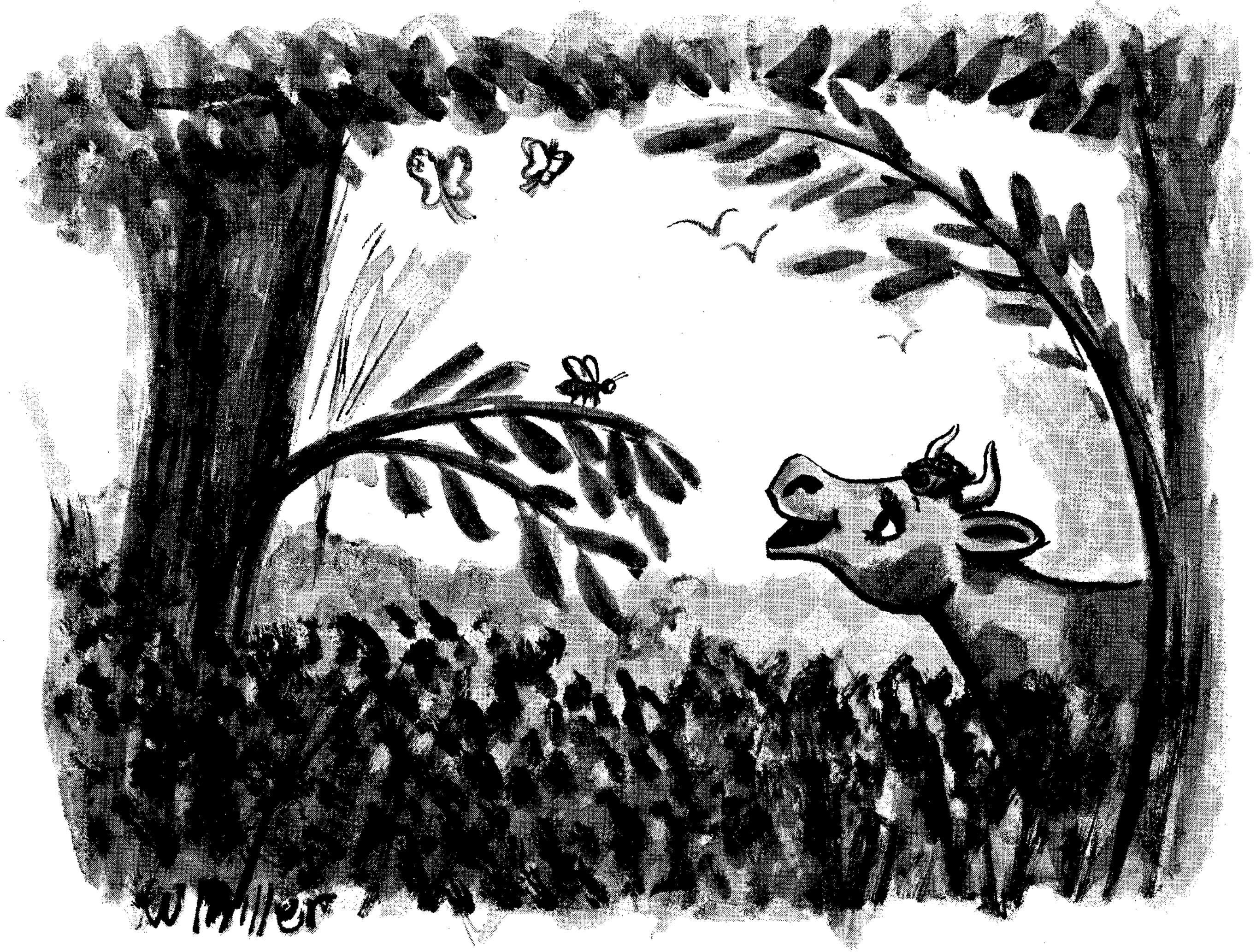
We had heard Mr. Hambro on television, in a late-night rerun of the day's speeches at the U.N., and we asked him if he had seen himself on the screen. He hadn't, he said, because he never watches television. Even at home in Oslo, he doesn't watch television, because his children refuse to have it in the house. His children are Anne, twenty-six, who was born in Evanston, Illinois (he was guest lecturer in modern history and international relations at Northwestern University in 1941); Carl, twenty-three, who was born in Amersham, just outside London (he was Secretary of the Norwegian Ministry of Foreign Affairs in London from 1943 to 1945); Christian, twenty-one, who was born in Cambridge, England (he was Chief of the Legal Section of the Secretariat of the United Nations in England from 1945 to 1946); and Linda, nineteen, who was born at The Hague (he was Registrar of the International Court of Justice from 1946 to 1953). His wife, who was born in Cambridge, England, is half English and half French; Charles Darwin was one of her great-grandfathers. "Christian is being married this week, and I can't go to the wedding," Mr. Hambro told us. "I just can't leave the General Assembly session."

Mr. Hambro said that he has lectured and taught at one time or another at Cambridge University, at the University of California at Berkeley, at The Hague Academy of International Law, and at the Norwegian School of Economics and Business Administration as well as at Northwestern, and that his teaching subjects are mainly international affairs and international law. "I love teaching," he told us. "I love to be in touch with young people. I love giving lectures, and the give and take of discussion afterward. One learns a lot from it. The young have good, fresh minds. They may be frightfully arrogant and ignorant, but they have open minds, and from time to time they get a new idea. This doesn't seem to happen with older people, who have the experience and the judgment. That is one of the reasons I love to sit down quietly with my children and people of my children's generation and talk."

Mr. Hambro is the eldest of five children, being thirty-five minutes older than his identical twin brother, Cato, who is a psychologist and the head of psychological services for the schools in and around Oslo. Mr. Hambro's father, Carl J. Hambro, was president of the Norwegian Parliament for twenty-five years, and president of the last Assembly of the League of Nations. In Oslo, Mr. Hambro told us, he lives with his family in an Empire-style white wooden house, about a hundred and thirty years old, that was built as a summer house in an enormous park outside Oslo; the city crept in on the park, and now the house is in the middle of town. The house has a garden surrounding it on all four sides. In New York, he and his family lived first in a duplex apartment on Park Avenue, which his wife hated because it was dark. They now live in a very bright apartment on Gracie Square, facing the East River, and his wife is much happier. Mr. Hambro went on to tell us that he had a hand in the founding of the United Nations, having been a delegate to the San Francisco Conference in 1945. "I remember the day the Charter was adopted," he said. "It was June 25, 1945. We all stood and voted for it, and we all felt that something of historic importance had happened. It was one of those rare moments. It was unlike anything I have ever felt before or since. There are moments in one's personal life that are somewhat like that, but it isn't the same at all. That is why I stated in my speech . . ." Mr. Hambro picked up a U.N.-mimeographed copy of the speech and, taking up a pen, drew a line alongside the paragraph reading:

> The first consideration which leaps to the eye is that any possible solution must build on the Charter. Article 2, paragraph 1, states in clear and unequivocal terms that "the Organization is based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all its Members." This means that all members—individually and collectively—are bound to respect the sovereignty of all other members. According to paragraph 4 in the same Article, the Members shall refrain "from the threat or use of force against the territorial integrity or political independence of any state." It is thus clear, beyond a doubt, that any future settlement must be based on the continued existence of all the states in the region. But it means also—and that is just as clear—that no territory can be claimed as the fruit of conquest.

Mr. Hambro underlined the last clause for us. "I feel very deeply about



"You make the honey? How nice to meet you. I make the milk."

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what I said about the Charter, and also about what I said about the refugees' being the most serious problem in the Near East," he said, and read, " 'The Norwegian government feel convinced that no lasting peace can exist before an equitable and generous solution has been found for this burning question, which is of tremendous importance in both the political and humanitarian sphere. Human misery, suffering, and hopelessness cannot be the basis of life.' "

Mr. Hambro now underlined the last sentence of this passage for us. "I have always felt deeply about refugees," he said. "In the late thirties, I worked quite a lot trying to help the German refugees from Hitler—helping to get them out of Germany, and so on. In 1955, after serving as head of a commission sent out by the High Commissioner for Refugees for the study of Chinese refugees in Hong Kong, I wrote a book on the subject. I was twenty-two when Hitler came into power. Needless to say, I hated everything he stood for. I did all I could to help the refugees from Hitler. For more than a hundred years, there has been a tradition in Norway that it is part of our responsibility to help poor or ignorant or sick or oppressed people. One of the most touching things is to see the way the schoolchildren of Norway help collect money for Unicef, with first-form children holding bazaars and things like that. I've been to some of the refugee camps in the Middle East, and I've seen the misery of those people there. The Arabs refuse to integrate them, because the refugees will not give up the hope that they will return to their land. It's really quite impossible, I think, for the Arabs to go on saying that Israel must be exterminated. Israel was created by the United Nations. We think that unilateral withdrawal on the part of Israel is not practical, and so we have a continual stream of discussions to try to find some kind of solution."

"Who discusses what, and with whom?" we asked.

"The Scandinavians meet together, just as the French-speaking African nations do, and the Latin-American countries, and the Western European group, and the Arab group, and the Communist group," Mr. Hambro said. "We Scandinavians try to coördinate our foreign policies, because we're so close together. We try our best to be bridge-builders. We try to be reasonable, to help things to be done in a calm and reasonable way. I don't know why today we do things the way we do. The old Vikings certainly were not reasonable. Until the beginning of the nineteenth century, we had intra-Scandinavian wars. But our outlook has changed. Let's hope it is a good omen for the rest of the world."

"Is your attitude one of optimism?" we asked.

"It is, because optimism is the only possible basis for life," Mr. Hambro replied. "When Abba Eban spoke to the Security Council, he said something to the effect that *he* was optimistic because he believed that the nations would use common sense when everything else had failed. I feel the same. Of course peace is a practical proposition. Of *course* it is. Obviously, it will take a long struggle to achieve peace. But one must never, never give up."

LITTLE KWANDA DOES IT AGAIN

THE big surprise in the movie business this year has been the formidable forward stride taken by the infant film industry of the emerging Republic of Kwanda. Little Kwanda came into sharp focus again this week as it walked off with its third major festival award, the Silver Sprocket of the Omaha Film Fête, as the "Best Film in Hamito-Dravidian and Carpatho-Urdic Language Groups," for its painfully honest portrayal of two youngsters who live only for today, "Mbana and Tikan." Cornered after the award presentation by trade reporters, Kwanda's film czar, T. E. Gwalili, addressed himself informally, and for trade ears only, to the question of how a country whose citizens as recently as three years ago called a movie camera "the box that whirs like a cicada" has been able to achieve maturity in filmmaking so quickly.

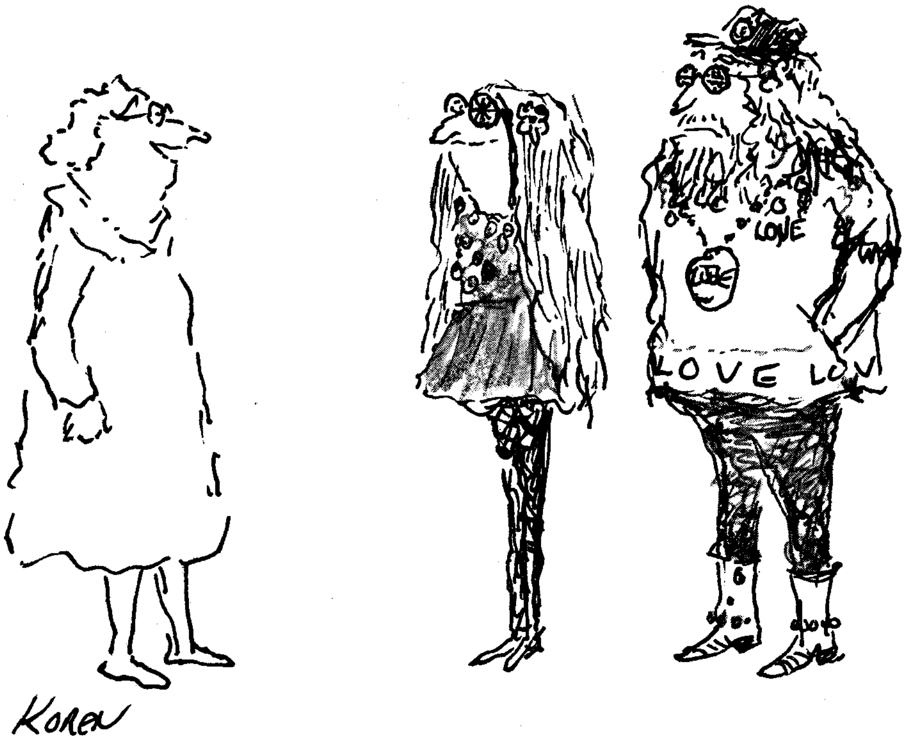
After reassuring an aide who reminded him that he had to leave within fifteen minutes if he was to make his plane connection for the Katmandu Film Festival, scheduled to begin thirty-six hours later, Gwalili said, "Why shouldn't we have success in films? We are bigger in population than Sweden or Greenwich Village, and greater in area than Czechoslovakia or Poland, to name only a few localities that have achieved fame in the medium. If Greece can come up, in Melina Mercouri, with a Frankly Outspoken International Star of the stature of Jeanne Moreau, Jane Fonda, and other Frankly Outspokens produced by the major film powers, why, we asked ourselves, can't we? And we did."

Without his having to mention her name, all present knew Gwalili could only be speaking of Kwanda's Joan Obotu, who has made hot copy all year in frankly outspoken interviews with *Life*, the A.P., *Esquire*, the "Today Show," and just about everyone else to whom she has opened her mouth. Miss Obotu's "Fame is like a water hole—the jungle creatures gather at it only so long as it has what they need," her "Men glide through my life like lions through the savanna—silent, strong, firm in purpose," and her widely quoted "I will only marry when the man who shares my fire builds a *gwam* [hut] that keeps out the rain" have afforded the liveliest possible promotion to her two latest films, "Dear Bwilu" and "Male, Female, Male."

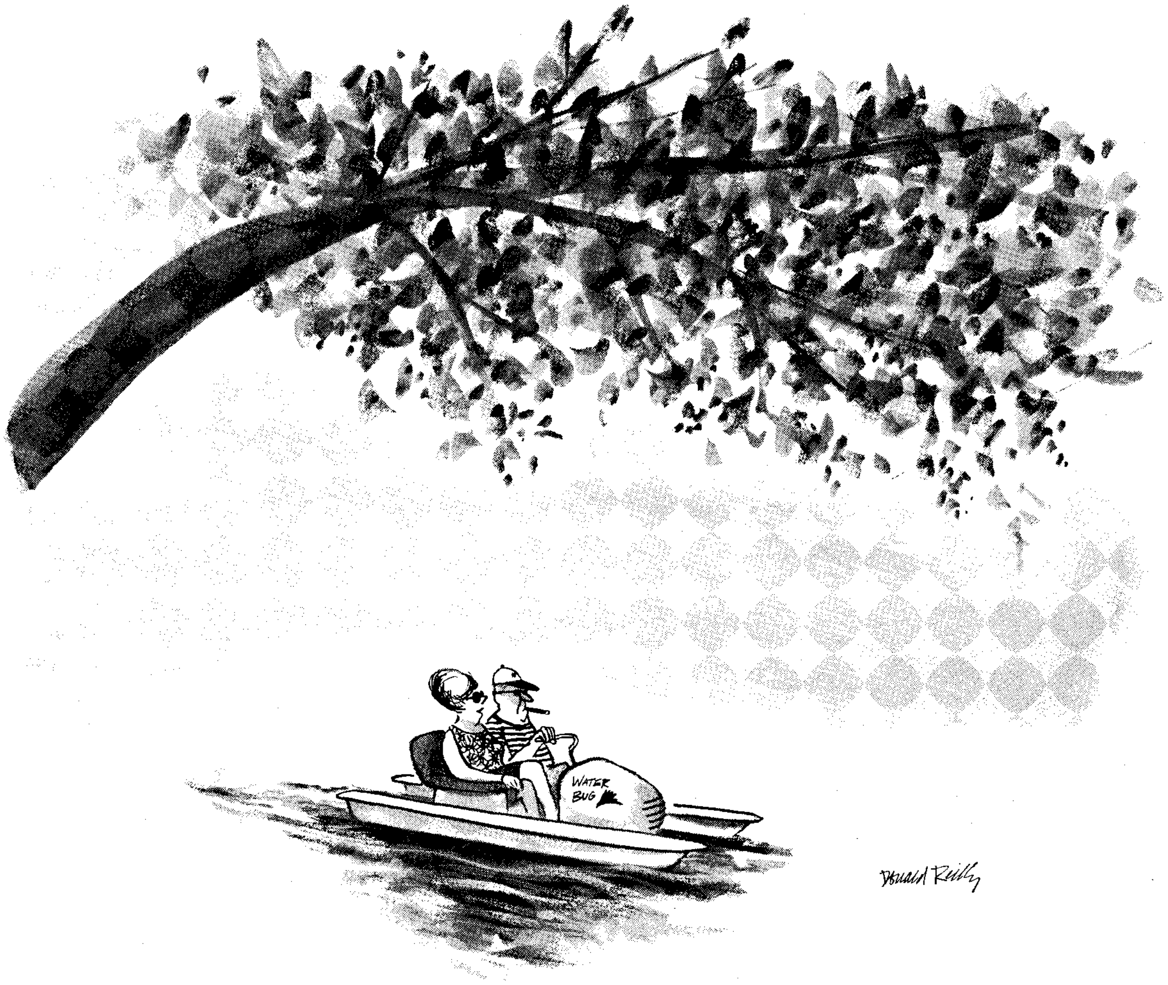
"Our root problem in creating a Frankly Outspoken Star," Gwalili said, "was the same one that Kwanda faces every day in films—finding that precious element of *universality*. Since we have only three movie houses in Kwanda, our screenwriters, as well as our publicists, must search diligently for themes that will strike responsive chords in worldwide audiences. For us, that isn't easy. Take the supposedly universal adolescent preoccupation with boy-girl stuff. A recent survey shows that as a compelling interest among Kwandan boys over fifteen and under twenty-two, sex drops to twelfth place—between leopard hunting and football. Among girls, it ranks fourth, but for girls there *are* only four places. Or look at two other so-called 'universal' movie plots—the young girl dazzled by the sophistication of an older man and then seduced by him, and the young boy dazzled by the sophistication of an older woman and then seduced by *her*. As for the first plot, well, practically all marriages in Kwanda are May-December and based on goat-dowry considerations, and they work very well. As for the second, I would remind you that three female anthropologists with a Smithsonian expedition recently felt compelled to walk out in the middle of one of our somewhat sophisticated puberty rites. But despite our alienation from the themes I have cited, I believe those of you who have seen Joan's film 'A Man, a Boy, a Girl, a Woman' will agree that we've risen to the challenge."

Mr. Gwalili was asked whether Kwanda's success in films wasn't basically attributable to the wealth of talent among the young directors it has uncovered. "It's certainly true," he replied, "that our directors have all come to the medium with a refreshing lack of preconception. They have not been shackled by such tired conventions of traditional movie-making as *cinéma vérité*. Their output has had an attractive personal quality that, unfortunately, lays it open to occasional misinterpretation. Thus, the distinctive films of Brian Kombibi, which a few obtuse critics have called 'underexposed,' are Brian's way of showing that his eyes are just beginning to open to the medium. And the filmic technique of T. I. Bamba, which often features a seemingly irrelevant thumb or forefinger close to the lens, is Bamba saying, 'See, I reach out in this new world of film. I want to *touch* it all!' "

The trade reporters were eager to hear what Gwalili had to say about Joseph Basia, the best known of Kwanda's tradition-shattering young directors, whose so-called "eye-of-newt" films have caused many French, German, and Danish critics to downgrade every non-Basia film they've seen in the past three years. The technique, named for its widely heralded use in Basia's "Ophelia of the Rain Forest," calls for a film to be shot from the point of view



"Are you Mod or psychedelic, or both?"



"Life has been good to us, John."

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of a succession of wild creatures—so that the story is seen, in effect, through the neutral eyes of nature. The lyrical, loping, eland's-eye view of Madge Golo's first encounter with a boy in "A Man, a Woman, a Woman, and Another Man" is a typical example, as is the beetle's-eye view—the scene fragmented by a hundred prisms—of Mbana and Tikan the first time they find themselves alone in the *gwam* in the Silver Sprocket-award winner.

"You may not remember that Basia began experimenting with 'eye of newt' as early as 'Obugbu' ["The Chief Pays a Call"], his low-budget feature on restless provincial youth at odds with authority," Gwalili recalled. "In those days, Kwanda had neither the studio facilities nor the lighting know-how for big scenes. At the beginning of a sequence you were lucky to get, as an establishing shot, an entire person. After that, we moved in for a face and a shoulder, or maybe a mouth and a bit of chin, a nervously tapping foot, or, at our most ambitious, a trucking shot of a flea crossing a kitchen table. There was always variety, you understand, nice change of pace, but every so often audiences would hunger for a good, solid long shot. And it was Basia who gave it to them—shooting straight down." There was a stir of recognition from his listeners, for most of them recalled the classic sequence in "Tam Bak Tutu" ("Luncheon Is Served") in which Melembu's brief honeymoon is observed through the eyes of a baboon in a treetop.

Mr. Gwalili had much praise for Basia's growth (his new film is about a day sensed by a sunflower at the edge of a trysting place), but he surprised his professional audience by stating, in answer to a direct question, that he considers T. E. Dakwal, and not Basia, to be Kwanda's most important director. "Dakwal's fame," he said, "rests on a single achievement, but it's the one that put us in the big leagues." He smiled as he looked into the blank faces of his auditors. "Don't tell me you've forgotten Dakwal's first feature, 'Feminine, Masculine, Neuter, Other'? Until that time, in our struggle for a place on the international film map, we had totally failed in our efforts to work into a Kwandan picture the obligatory bed scene that separates the film of substance from the pap. The bed, as you may know, is not indigenous to Kwanda. Dakwal's solution was of an order of simplicity that defines the intuitive genius. He simply had a bed manufactured by the prop department and moved onto his set, and he made sure his principals were in it in the first reel. When studio executives and cultural officers at the Foreign Office cried out against this gross misrepresentation of Kwandan custom and culture, Dakwal answered, 'Who'll know?' The now famous reply was later carved over the entrance to the three-million-dollar Writers Building we were able to put up at Kwanda Federated Studios as a consequence of our major breakthrough."

But now Gwalili's aide was insistent; unless they departed at once, they would miss their plane. And so the dynamic film czar said his goodbyes to the reporters and turned with firm step toward Katmandu, where his nation's entry, "Him, Her, Whom," an Italo-Dutch-Kwandan co-production, was an odds-on favorite to win the Mount Everest Award, or "Evvy," as the "Best Film Made by Three or More Nations," for its portrayal of an aging boar hunter's inability to choose among his mistress, his wives, and his mother.

—GORDON COTLER

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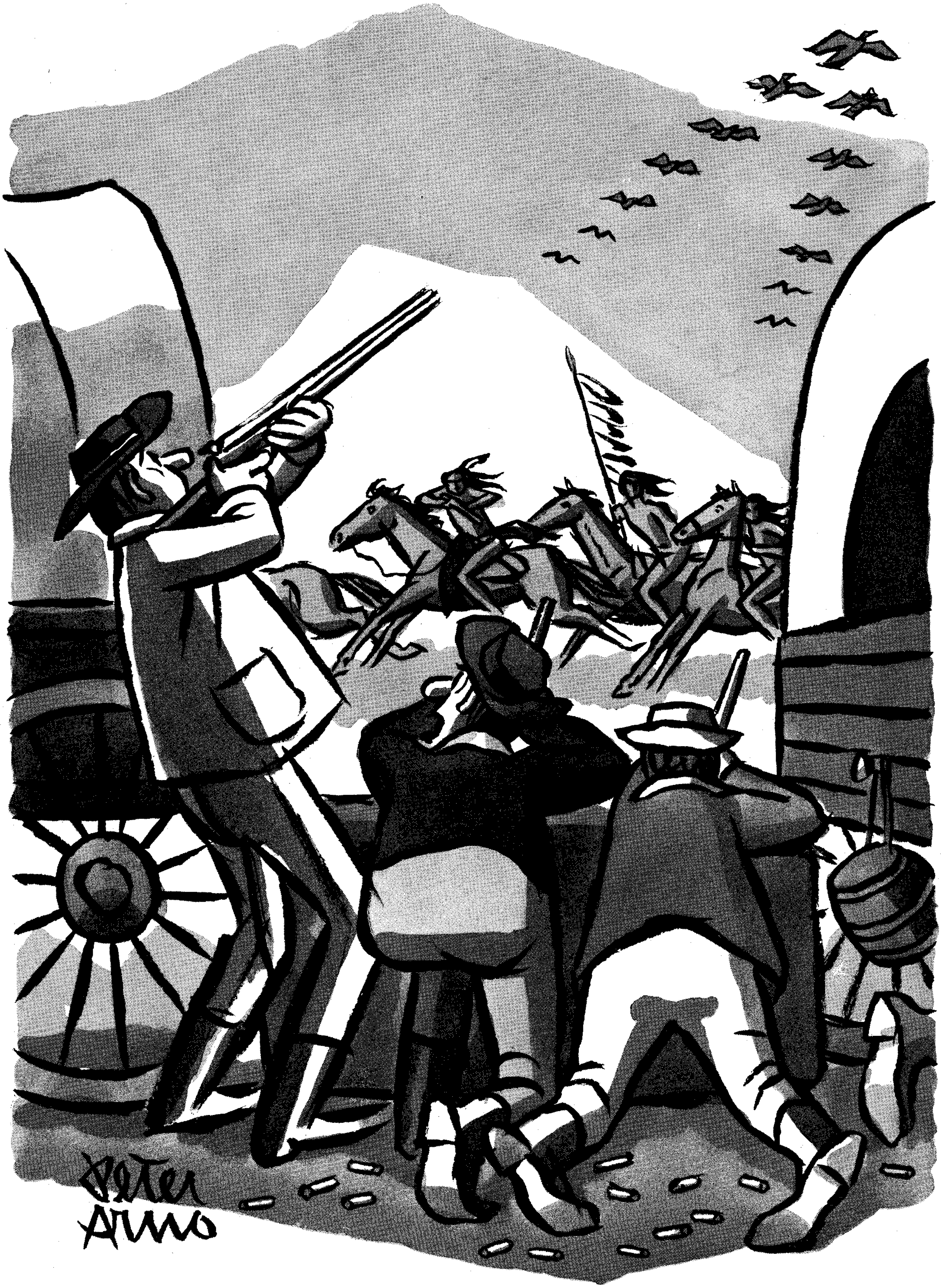
IRVINGTON, N. J., May 17—Two girls, one 8 years old and the other 11, were arrested today after the police here said they had admitted breaking into five homes and taking $550 in cash and $350 in jewelry.

The police said the girls started by stealing bicycles, but "found there was more money in robbing houses than trying to sell bikes." . . .

The girls, whose names were withheld because of their ages, spent most of the money in downtown Newark on candy, clothes and having their hair done, the police said. They also spent part of it at a church bazaar.—*The Times.*

You see? The kids today aren't all bad.



"Hobson! How can you think of food at a time like this?"

MR. KEOGH

I FIRST saw Mr. Keogh on one of the platforms of Paddington Station in 1923. He was taking charge of the party of new boys who were to travel with him to Maidenhead in a reserved compartment on the two-twenty train. Aunt Gwen looked at a piece of paper she had taken from her handbag and marched up to him. "You must be Mr. Keogh," she said. He was a surprisingly elegant, well-dressed young man, and looked as if he had come straight from his university.

He smiled wryly and said, "Well, actually, I am." He answered Aunt Gwen's other questions patiently and condescendingly. Yes, actually—he turned and indicated the boys on the platform—the school did have more than nine pupils. The thing was that Major Barlow thought it best for the new boys to reach the school an hour or two ahead of the others. "The idea is, you see, that as most of the new boys have never been away from their mothers before—they're all under seven and a half, you know—we have to give them a bit of help. To start off with, anyway. So they come down on this train with me, and the sixty other boys come on later. It gives this lot a bit of time to look round and find their way about before they're flung into the thick of it."

"That's very thoughtful of Major Barlow," said Aunt Gwen.

Mr. Keogh looked at her with a vague expression. "Oh, yes," he said, "Major Barlow is full of ideas— If you'll excuse me." We stood back as another woman with another boy in a brand-new gray flannel uniform suit came up to him anxiously. Yes, said Mr. Keogh, he was, actually, Mr. Keogh. Yes, this was the right train, and yes, this was the party of boys for St. Ennedoc's. Yes, actually, the school did have more than ten pupils. The thing was that Major Barlow . . . The minute hand of the station clock jumped forward to two-eighteen. Mr. Keogh smiled round at the women and boys, all trying hard to be brave, standing near him. "Well, as we're all here," he said, "and as there's not much time left, I think we ought to say 'All aboard.' " Suddenly out of voice, he looked at his boots and muttered, "Sorry."

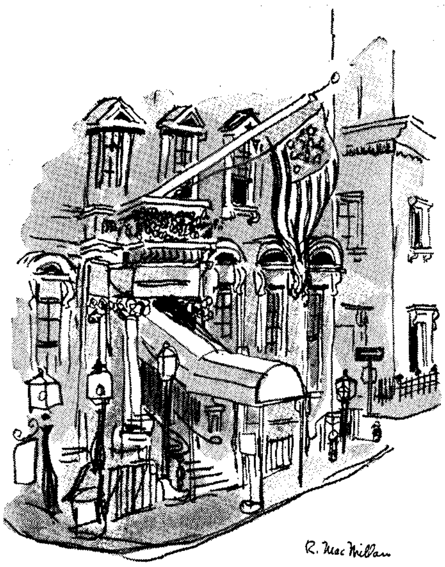
"It won't seem long, David," Aunt Gwen said. "The term will be over before you know it. You'll see."

"He really must get in now," said Mr. Keogh. "Please, Miss Rees."

Compartment doors were being banged shut up and down the line of cream-and-brown carriages. I stepped aboard, and the train began to move almost at once. Mr. Keogh's social manner vanished. "I don't want any shouting or singing or fooling about," he said, and slumped back in his corner seat, staring into vacancy. The small boy sitting opposite him sniffed. We all looked at him and then at Mr. Keogh. Mr. Keogh frowned slightly. "Stop that, Davies," he said sharply. The boy slid off the seat and plunged across the center aisle toward Mr. Keogh.

"Oh, Mr. Keogh, please, Mr. Keogh, I don't *want* to go to school. I want to go *home. Please* send me home."

Mr. Keogh stopped him dead with a sharp slap in the face. "There!" he said. "Don't be such a little crybaby. You'll go home with the others at the proper time, when term ends. Now, blow your nose and pull yourself together." The boy obediently blew his nose. He stopped crying. He was stunned. We all were. "That's better," said Mr. Keogh. He looked round the compartment. "This place you're going to is a boys' school, not a nursery," he said. "You'll all get on much better if you can remember that." For a tense quarter of an hour Mr. Keogh seemed to be reading the *Spectator*. Then he pulled a packet of Players from his pocket, looked at the "NO SMOKING" sign on the window, and went out into the corridor. He stayed there, smoke-wreathed, his back to us, until we came to our destination. While he was herding us off the train, through the station, and into the wagonette that was to take us through the town and out along the Marlow road to the school, he barked a few orders at us, but he didn't find anything to say to us until we were in sight of the school. Then, as the machine turned off the public road and into a gravel driveway bordered with leggy young chestnut trees, he said, "There it is. There you are. That's St. Ennedoc's." We saw a sprawl of buildings down at the far end of a wide expanse of playing field. "That part in front is where you chaps eat and sleep. The classrooms and the dayrooms are in the half-timbered buildings at the back. They're new—prewar. The main block's older, seventy years old perhaps. It's Victorian. It was a private house once."



My heart lifted as I looked at the dormitory block. Perhaps St. Ennedoc's was going to be a happy place after all. A thick growth of Virginia creeper completely covered the old house. It could have been taken for a grove of trees clipped and trained into the shape of a house; or for a marvel in a story about a magic spell that had changed a king and his courtiers into birds and his royal palace into part of a forest. The wagonette stopped in front of the main door of the school, and we stepped out onto the neatly raked gravel, clutching our overnight bags. The creeper seemed even more of a wonder at that distance than it had from the head of the drive. Its thousands of closely packed leaves looked like the soft armor of feathers on the breast of a bird, and shone in the afternoon sunshine.

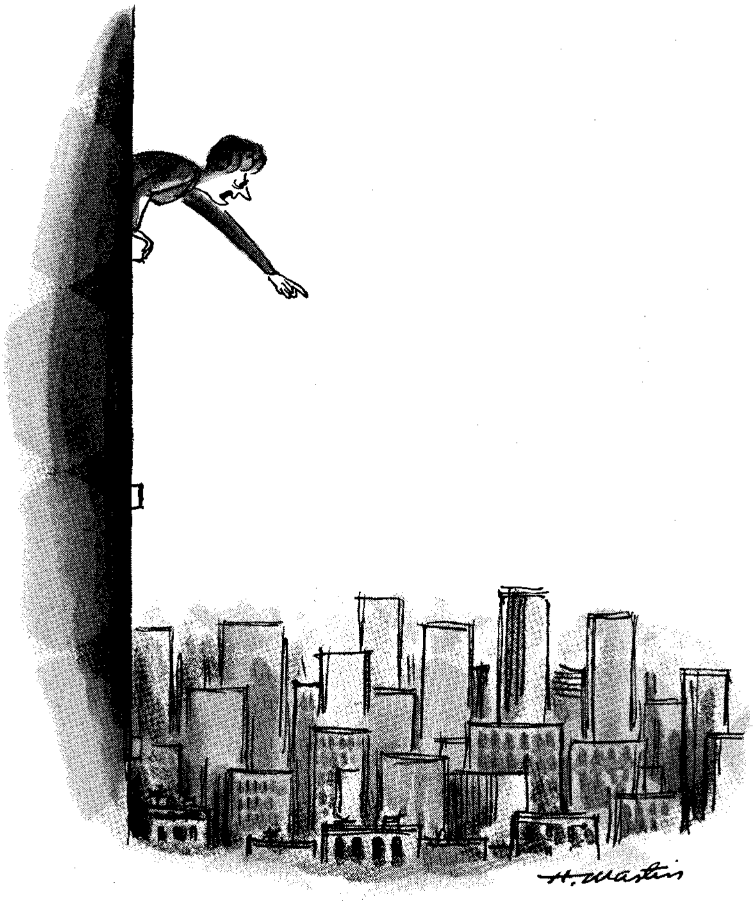
"Oh," I said, "what a lovely house!"

"What's that you're saying?" said Mr. Keogh, turning on me with a leer of incredulity.

"Please, sir," I said, "I just said I thought it was a beautiful house."

"Oh, ha, ha," said Mr. Keogh, not laughing. He glanced up at the house and then at me. "What an arty little blighter you must be," he said with distaste. Mr. Keogh, I could see, had decided that he didn't like me.

Behind the creeper were the carpetless bedrooms, with seventy-odd black, painted iron bedsteads standing in them; the halls and the corridors floored with echoing flagstones or pink composition; the miles of walls painted chocolate brown up to five feet and *eau de Nil* above; the battered desks; the unbreakable, hideous chairs and tables; the dusty rope matting called carpet in the classrooms; the washrooms, with long rows of hand basins; the toilets, called "the bogs;" and the dining room, with seventy places laid at long tables in front of the seventy chairs that scraped the floor each time we got up or sat down. Everything in the place was ugly, and the air in it always smelled of a mixture of coal fires, stale cooking, floor polish, and disinfectant. It was quiet when we first arrived, but soon the crowd of older boys who had come down on the later train poured in after us and filled the house with sounds of shouting and laughter, of trampling feet, of locker doors banging, and of swing doors flumping to and fro. At the end of the day, I began to feel like a pebble being rolled along in the bed of a mountain torrent. I met Mr. Keogh again a few days later, in a corridor. I was hurrying in one way, he was sauntering along in the other. He grinned when he saw me, and said, "Well, Rees, how's life in the house beautiful suiting you?"



"Listen to this, residents of the State of New York! Alfred T. Gellermeyer is two months behind in his alimony payments!"

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It was the winter term. We played Rugby football in the short, gray afternoons. Mr. Keogh had the chore of refereeing the daily Blues-against-Whites junior game and of teaching us how to play. I hated getting plastered with mud, and often hung back when play moved into the more churned-up parts of the field, pretending to forget what I was supposed to be doing. "Wake up there, Rees! Wake up!" Mr. Keogh would shout. "Come out of that beautiful dream and get back into the game." In the spring, it was track under Major Atkinson, and Mr. Keogh was out of my life for a term. But he came back with cricket. Through the summer he coached beginners twice a week at the nets—enclosures of tarred-twine netting slung on yellow varnished pitch-pine poles at the edge of the playing field reserved for batting practice. Mr. Keogh showed me how to hold the bat and how to swing it, keeping it straight. "All you have to do is watch the ball," he said. "If you watch it, and swing through it, you'll hit it. It's as easy as that. Anyone can do it if they try." I tried. Mr. Keogh said, "If you won't try, Rees, you can't expect to be any good." That was in the middle of the term. The week after that, he said, "I suppose you're one of these arty people who think ball games aren't important. Well, I can tell you they jolly well are. If you aren't good at games, you can take it from me, you've not much chance of being good at anything else." When the term was almost over, he said, "I don't know what to do about you, Rees, I really don't. You don't *begin* to look like a cricketer."

Mr. Keogh did. Dressed for the game, he was a picture. His well-cut flannels and his blancoed cricket boots were always very white, and when he appeared on the field, with his correctly professional equipment, wearing his sun-faded college blazer and club cap, he looked like a serious player. He seemed quite out of place on a preparatory-school sports ground surrounded by little boys. We all felt it. When we crowded round him worshipfully at the nets as he showed us how to play this stroke or that, I often saw his lips curling momentarily into a wry, half-apologetic, half-supercilious smile, which seemed to say, "Isn't it absurd that I, of all people, should be here at St. Ennedoc's, wasting my time doing this?" It was almost as if he was making a point of seeming not to belong. All the other men who taught us, including the squat, blue-jawed M. de Puyguillane, who had come from some remote corner of the Dordogne to teach us French, looked like schoolmasters. Mr. Keogh didn't. For one thing, he refused to dress like the others. *They* might be willing to turn out day after day in the same old brown brogues, ready-made gray flannel bags, pullover, shirt, and old-school or regimental tie, off-the-peg sports jacket, and old trench-coat which identified them at first glance as underpaid schoolmasters, but he was not. He was fastidious where clothes were concerned, and he wanted other people to be. My appearance disgusted him. Once after I had just passed him in the lobby outside Big Hall, he called me back. "What have you been at, Rees? Anyone might think you'd been pulled backward through a hedge. Just look at yourself, with your collar up at the back and your socks concertina'd round your ankles. Haven't you ever been taught to take pride in your appearance?" I muttered an apology and fumbled at my clothes. Mr. Keogh looked on scornfully. "And now do something about your tie, for goodness' sake." I pulled at it awkwardly, tightening the knot but failing to change its position. "Don't be at it as if it were a piece of string, you silly fellow," Mr. Keogh said. He came close to me, so that my nose filled with the smell of his tweed, his pipe tobacco, and his brilliantine. "There, you make a plump knot, like that—and, remember, you never leave the top button of your shirt uncovered, that's no way to wear a tie at all." He stood back. "There, that's better," he said. "You may think that nobody cares about the way a man looks, and that he's only to please himself. But it's not so. The way a man's turned out has more to do with his standing in the world than you might think— Now, mind, I'm not joking. You'll have to learn what to wear, and how to wear it, before you're very much older. You might as well start by acquiring a little self-respect now. I'll tell you one thing to encourage you. When you get up into my class at the end of the year, I'll put you on report without fail if you ever turn up in such a state as this. Just think about that. I've no use for sloppy fellows in *my* class, I can tell you."

Mr. Keogh was never to be seen in clothes that showed any signs of wear. All his jackets and suits fitted him so well that they had clearly been made for him, and when he stood in line with the other masters at morning prayers in Big Hall, he could easily have been a well-to-do visitor who had dropped in by chance to take part in the exercise. It wasn't only his clothes. When Major Barlow ended the short service with a half drawn-out, half barked "Aaah-men" that had the tone of a military "Diss-miss!," all his assistants simultaneously lifted their bowed heads. Mr. Keogh's suddenly revealed face stood out among the others. The other masters were not only older men but they had a calmer, more patient air. They had settled down. Their faces issued no challenge, but the set of Mr. Keogh's jaw and the light in his eye showed that he was on the alert to detect any opposition, if only for the sake of making it back down. His eyes were always travelling rapidly across our faces, searching for something, and daring us to let him find it there. The thought of being in his class and under that watchful glare for several hours of each day was alarming, but there it was, that was what lay ahead, and there was no getting away from it.

IT was nearly two years later and I had just written in my diary that I was nine years two months and seventeen days old, that there were sixty days left in the term, and that in two years and two hundred and ninety-eight more days I would be allowed to leave St. Ennedoc's. I made these tabulations every night, adding or taking off one day as necessary. I chewed on my pencil, tasting cedarwood and staring at the figures. The form-room door swung open and a boy called Stock, one of the seniors and a prefect, said loudly, across the room, "Rees! Major Barlow wants you in his study!"

"Hard cheese, Taffy," someone said.

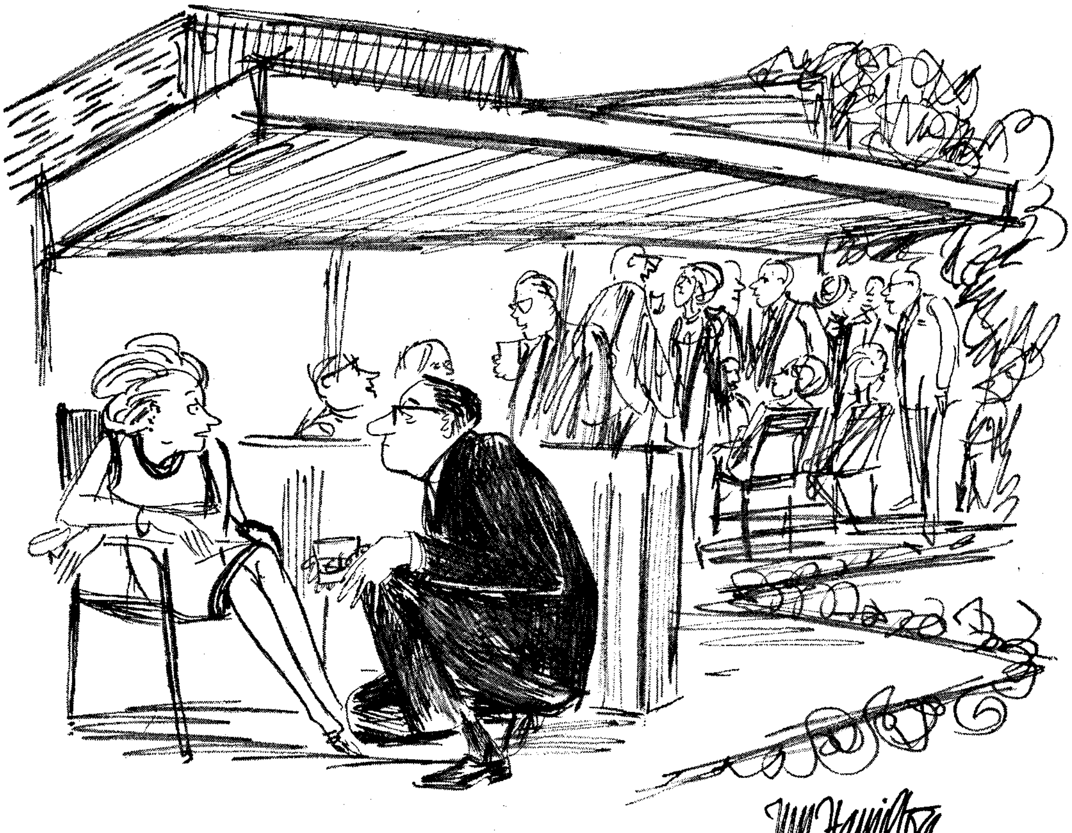
I put my books away and shut my desk, trying to look brave and not feeling well at all. Being "sent for" during preparation almost always meant a beating—six or more strokes of a thin rattan cane that left the skin on our buttocks crisscrossed with red and purple weals a week afterward. Beatings came as an automatic sequel to being put on report for talking in the library, using bad language, going upstairs in outdoor shoes, being impertinent to a master or to Mrs. Eden, the matron, or for committing any of dozens of similar offenses. I wasn't aware of having done wrong, but I supposed that if it wasn't anything else, it would be "general slackness." I dragged myself down the main corridor, across the stone-flagged front hall, and up the front stairs to the chocolate-painted door on the half landing, which had "Headmaster" lettered on it, in white, at the level of the knob. I had the usual struggle to force myself to knock. Boys had been known to tiptoe up to the Major's door, knock softly, wait for a few instants, and then tiptoe away, saying later, "I did come, sir, but when I knocked you didn't answer, so when I'd waited a bit and nobody came, I went again." It never worked, and guaranteed twelve strokes instead of the usual six, as too much dillydallying on the way led to nine strokes. The Major didn't like to be kept waiting. I knocked and went into his study, dry-mouthed at his call. The Major was sitting in his swivel chair behind his kneehole desk, silhouetted against the tall, creeper-framed Victorian window. He was lighting his pipe.

"Ah, Rees . . ." he said. "Been waiting for you." He waved me toward a huge armchair upholstered in soft red leather, which stood beside his desk.

Oh, gosh, it's going to be nine, I thought, and I don't even know what for.

I went over to the chair and bent over one of its arms, as I had been taught to do.

The Major looked up. "Good Lord, Rees," he said. "What have you got on your conscience? I didn't mean that at all. I've no intention of beating you. Quite the contrary." He had let his match go out. He lit another and said, puffing between words, "I . . . just . . . thought . . . it . . . was . . . time . . . we . . ." He became wreathed in bright-blue smoke, and leaned back. ". . . had a little chat." He considered me for a moment and then rose. He filled a great deal of space with his two hundred and forty pounds when he was standing. He went over and took up a position with his back to the fireplace. "A *friendly* little chat, I ought to say." Behind him, high on the wall, were several oars preserved from the days in another century when he had rowed in his college and university eights. Lower



"I'll bet you're going to tell me about something you saw in 'Time' magazine."

SIX POEMS

BRIEF WITHDRAWAL

"Forgive me, love, if I withdraw awhile;
It is only that you ask such bitter questions,
Always another beyond the extreme last,
And the answers astound. You have entangled me
In my own mystery. Grant me a respite;
I was happier far not asking nor much caring,
Choosing by appetite only—self-deposed,
Self-reinstated, no one observing.
When I belittled this vibrancy of touch
And the active vengeance of these folded arms,
No one could certify my powers for me
Or my saining virtue, or know that I compressed
Knots of destiny in a careless fist,
Who had long passed for a foundling from the hills
Of innocent and flowerlike phantasies,
Though minting silver by my mere tread. . . .
Did I not dote on you, I well might strike you
For implicating me in your true dreams."

PERFECTIONISTS

Interalienation of their hearts
It was not, though both played resentful parts
In slow unwillingness to share
One house, one pillow, the same fare.
It was perfectionism, they confess,
To know the truth and ask for nothing less.

Their fire-eyed guardians watched from overhead.
"These two alone have learned to love," they said,
But neither can forget
They are not worthy of each other yet.

BITES AND KISSES

Heather and holly
Bites and kisses,
A courtship-royal
On the hill's red cusp.
Look up, look down,
Gaze all about you—
A livelier world
By ourselves contrived:

Swan in full course
Up the Milky Way,
Moon in her wildness,
Sun ascendant
In Crab or Lion,
Beyond the bay,
A pride of dolphins
Curving and tumbling
With bites and kisses. . . .

Or dog-rose petals
Well-starred by dew,
Or jewelled pebbles,
Or water lilies open
For the dragonflies
In their silver and blue.

LIKE OWLS

The blind are their own brothers; we
Form an unnamed fraternity
Who, though not destitute of sight,
Know ourselves doomed from birth to see,
Like owls, most clearly in half light.

THE WORD

The Word is unspoken
Between honest lovers;
They substitute a silence
Or wave at a wild flower,
Sighing inaudibly.

That it exists indeed
Will scarcely be disputed;
The wildest of conceptions
Can be reduced to speech—
Or so the Schoolmen teach.

You and I, thronged by angels,
Learned it in the same dream
Which startled us by moonlight,
And that we still revere it
Keeps our souls aflame.

"God" is a standing question
That still negates an answer;
The Word is not a question
But simple affirmation—
The antonym of "God."

Who would believe this Word
Could have so long been hidden
Behind a candid smile,
A sweet but hasty kiss,
And always dancing feet?

BLACKENING SKY

Lightning enclosed by a vast ring of mirrors,
Instant thunder extravagantly bandied
Between red cliffs no hawk may nest upon,
Triumphant jetting, passion of deluge—ours,
With spray that stuns, dams that lurch and are gone.

But against this insensate hubbub of subsidence,
Our voices, ever true to a fireside tone,
Meditate on the secret marriage of flowers
Or the bees' paradise, with much else more,
And while the sky blackens anew for rain
On why we love as none ever loved before.

—ROBERT GRAVES

* * *

down hung the basket-hilted sabre that had been his personal weapon when he rode into action as a cavalryman in one of Queen Victoria's wars. Through the eddying whirls of pipe smoke I could see, on each side of his head, pale-brown, faded photographs of regimental polo teams, of groups of bemedalled officers in mess kit, and of scenes showing whiskered men in sola topees standing about in rocky landscapes making a forgotten kind of war. At thirty-two, at the end of the Boer War, he had resigned his commission and gone into schoolmastering. He was now only in his fifties, but he seemed to me to be a figure from a remote and long-past time.

"You look scared, Rees—scared stiff," he said. "I wish you didn't. I wish you'd forget I'm the head and remember that I'm a perfectly ordinary, simple human being. I don't think of you chaps as my pupils. I think of you as my boys, members of my family. I wish you'd try to think of me as a father or a friend." He drew on his pipe with a contented expression, looking like a huge baby with a pacifier. "I wish you'd turn to me when you need help, when anything happens that you can't understand, or when you feel unhappy. I'm always here, and, believe me, I *want* to help."

There was a pause. The Major sighed. Then he came over and sat on the nearest corner of his desk, swinging one leg, smiling down encouragingly into my face. "I'm not a fool, Rees. I know an unhappy boy when I see one. Why don't you get it off your chest? Why not tell me what the trouble is? Wouldn't that help?" He patted my shoulder before heaving himself up again and wandering around his desk to settle into his swivel chair. He turned it so that he could look out of the window. "I can see a great many things from up here, you know," he said. "Some of the things I like, and some I don't. One of the things I don't like to see is a boy who doesn't fit in." He drew on his pipe and seemed to study the wide expanse of the cricket field. "I'll tell you why that is, Rees. It's a matter of the fundamental purposes of the school. If you don't fit in, we can't do what we're supposed to do for you. We're supposed to educate you—to lead you out. If you stay the course here, and work, you'll have made a good start in life. If you're plucky and sensible, you will stay the course. And I'll tell you why—and don't think this is something I'm saying for your special benefit; it's what I tell everyone when I try to explain what we do here, and why we do it. A boy who goes on from St. Ennedoc's and passes through a good public school and one of your great universities ends up with the ball of life at his feet. When that day comes for you, Rees, you'll be free—truly free. You'll be in a position to do what you want with your life. You'll be one of the masters, and you'll never know what it means to be a slave of circumstance. All the dazzling prizes the British Empire has to offer, all its manifold opportunities, its fascinating careers, and its rich rewards will be yours to choose from." Major Barlow dropped his voice to an awed whisper. "You see, my boy, what I'm driving at? When the process which we start here at St. Ennedoc's is complete, you'll be a member of this country's governing class . . . You're young, Rees, perhaps a little too young to understand what that means. Well, no matter. You've plenty of time ahead of you to think it over. But I'll give you a thought to be going on with. When things seem hard to bear and you find yourself wishing you were back at home, try saying this to yourself: 'The Major says it's all going to be worthwhile in the end, and the Major's a wise old bird. He *knows!*' Will you try that, Rees? Will you try to keep your chin up, like a brave little chap?"

"Yes, sir."

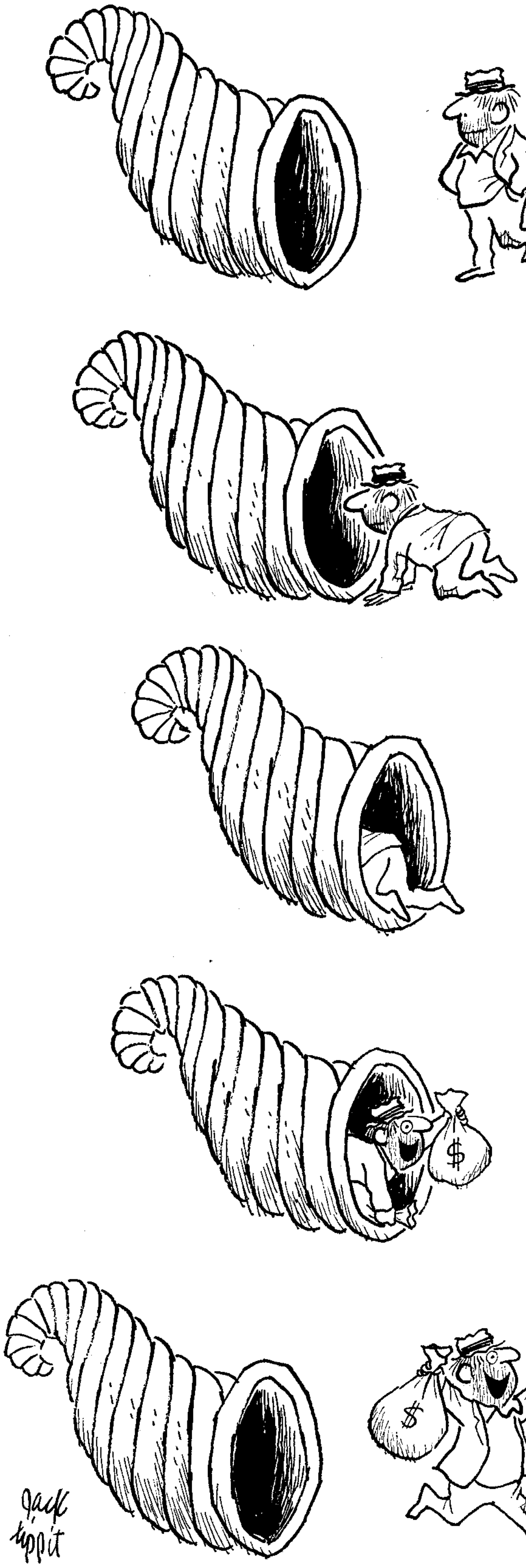
"There's a good fellow, then." He rose and I slid off the seat of the huge armchair. As he patted me on the shoulder and propelled me toward his door, he said, "Half the secret of happiness is deciding to be happy. It's a matter of will power. You try it, and you'll see that I know what I'm talking about."

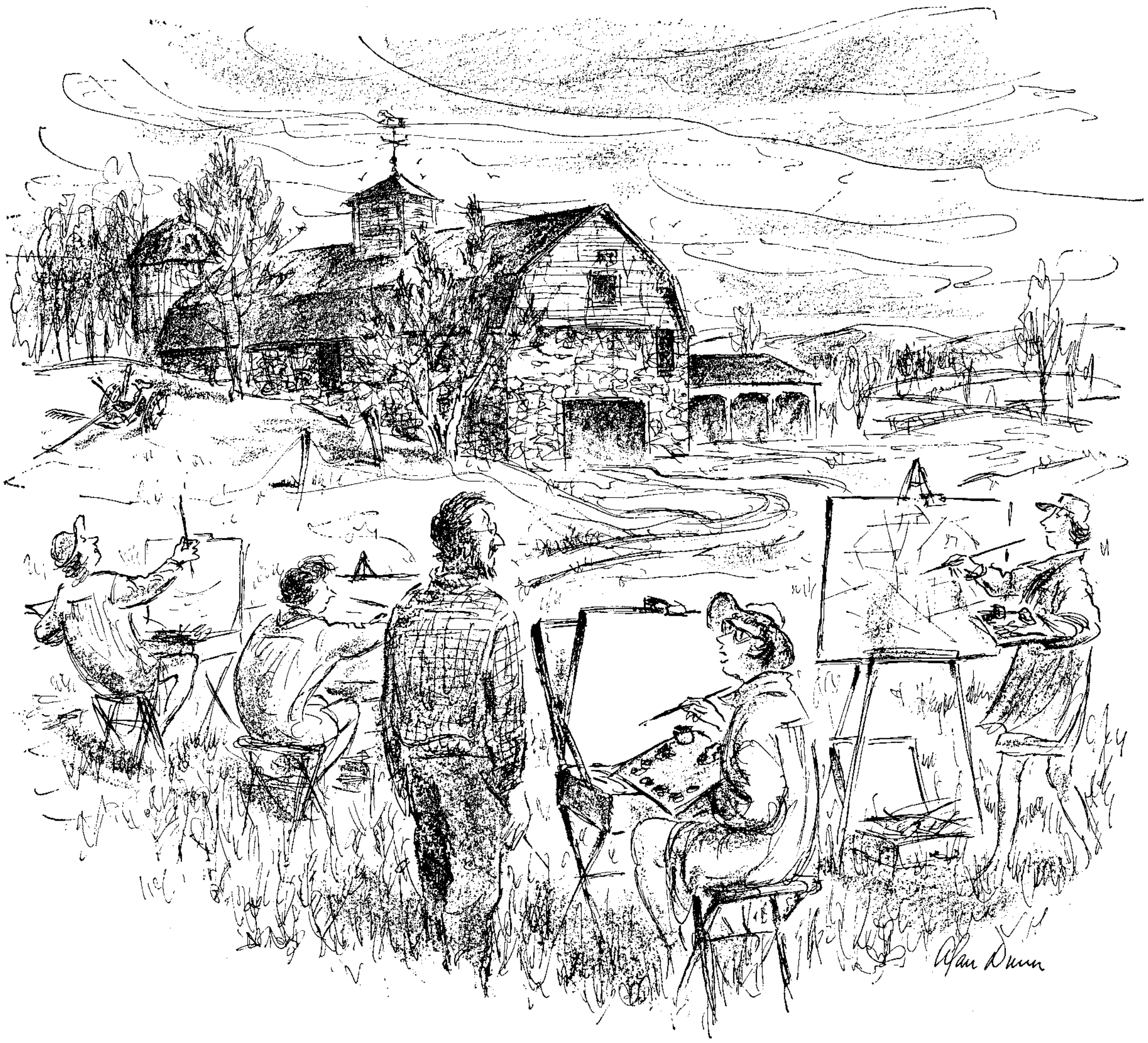
His door shut behind me, and I leaned against the wall with weakness. Up to the last, I hadn't been sure that I wasn't going to be beaten, and I felt I'd had a lucky escape.

Most of the trouble the Major had asked me to get off my chest was Mr. Keogh. By that time, I'd moved up into his form, and was doing math with him. His math periods were always the same, and the one that he took the morning after my talk with the Major began like any other. He copied some of the examples given in our old-fashioned textbook onto the blackboard, and read out its stilted explanations of the recommended working procedures as he went along. When that was done, he put his book aside and faced the class. "Now, that's clear enough, isn't it? Everybody knows what that's all about, don't they?"

I was as much in the dark as usual. "Please, sir," I said.

"Oh, it's you again," said Mr. Keogh. He came down to my desk with





"Is it all right for me to paint like Andrew Wyeth?"

• •

a smile on his face and took me by the ear. "Up," he said, and gripping it firmly he led me to the blackboard to stand beside him. He went over the book's explanations again, and gave my ear a sharp twist at the end of each step. "No difficulty there, Rees. Nothing to outrage your aesthetic sensibilities in that, is there?"

I looked helplessly at the cascade of mysterious figures. "Please, sir," I said. "I can see what I'm supposed to do, but I don't see why it comes out that way. They don't say why."

"Oh God! Oh Montreal!" said Mr. Keogh, quoting Samuel Butler over my head. "It doesn't *matter* why. All you have to worry about is how you do it. Just do what the book says and you can't go wrong. I'll go through it once more, and this time just watch me and forget the clever questions. Think about *how*, not about *why*."

I went back to my place with one ear throbbing. Mr. Keogh wiped the examples off the board and began to write up the problems we were to work on in the rest of the period. I did my best, but everything went wrong. My figures straggled in disorder, and ink blots rolled from the end of my pen. The messy sums refused to come out, and tears of bewilderment and frustration ran down my nose. They raised domelike swellings on the squared paper in my exercise book, and blurred the already untidy figures.

"Oh, not the waterworks again, Rees!" said Mr. Keogh. "Turn them off, man, turn them off." He came and stood by me, looking down. "I can see why you feel like crying, Rees," he said. "If I did work like that, I'd feel like crying myself." He paused. A few titters from the rest of the class encouraged him to go on. "God knows," he said, "what's going to happen to the Empire when you're turned loose in it." He grabbed my ear again and cranked my head round toward the map of the world hanging on the classroom wall. "There it is, Rees, the Empire, spread all over that map. All those red bits are yours. Thousands and thousands of poor chumps fought and died and suffered just to keep it for you. It's a splendid field for ambition. It's full of limitless opportunities for men with grit and drive who can find the values of *x* and *y* in simple equations. If you can learn how to do that, all your troubles will be over. You'll be as good as a member of the élite group who run the whole shebang. But if you dig in your toes, Rees—if you just stubbornly refuse to let me teach you how to do equations, you'll never get there. You'll never become a member of the ruling class. You'll die obscurely, Rees. You'll be put to rest in a pauper's grave."

I looked at him in astonishment; he was parodying Major Barlow. I wanted to ask him if it was—in the language I would have used then—a swiz. He saw the question in my eyes. He hadn't wished to be understood. "Oh, you're too clever for your own good," he said ambiguously, and went back to his desk.

He sat down and fiddled with his books. There was unease in the air. Something odd had happened in the room, though no one knew quite what. Mr. Keogh had for a moment lost control of his class. He looked up smiling to take charge of it again. "These are easy problems," he said. "I'm giving you all fair warning. Any boy who gets more than five of them wrong gets a hard heeling."

A number of voices said "Oh, sir!" in not very serious protest. We were all used to the threat of hard heelings as a stimulus to effort; they were part of the teaching technique at St. Ennedoc's. In class we wore shoes called house slippers—solidly built leather pumps without laces and with elastic panels let into their sides—which were easy to slip on and off. Whenever we were caught whispering, drawing, or being inattentive in class, or whenever we turned in bad work, the master in charge would either put us on report, which meant being beaten later by the Major, or give us a hard heeling on the spot. This meant standing out in front of the class, taking off one shoe, and handing it to the master. He took a firm grip of it by the sole, and when one had bent over, he hit one on the buttocks as often as he felt inclined and as hard as he thought proper. Mr. Keogh, with his cricketer's wrists, always hit to hurt. When he made his warning announcement, he already knew that five of my sums were wrong. As I worked at the five I still had to do, I occasionally looked up and met his eye. In the ordinary way, he would have instantly flung an end of chalk at the top of my head to punish me for taking my mind off my work, but on this occasion he simply grinned at me, as if to say, "You're for it, you knowing little blighter."

At the end of the period, when the solutions were up on the board beside the problems, Mr. Keogh lounged beside his desk. "Now," he said, "the proof of the pudding! Who has ten right?" One boy put up a hand for ten, three boys had nine, none had eight, two had seven, four had six, three had five. Everyone looked at me. "Four?" asked Mr. Keogh, enjoying himself. I shook my head. "Three?" I put up my hand. "Well now, you do have rotten luck with your equations, don't you, Rees," said Mr. Keogh, shaking his head in mock concern. "Still, there it is; lack of virtue brings its own reward. Let's have that slipper of yours, old man." When I was touching my toes, Mr. Keogh said, "Hold on tight, here comes six of the best." That was how all his hard heelings began. They always ended in the same way, too. "And one more for luck," Mr. Keogh said, slamming in a seventh stroke.

When I was on my way back to my desk after I'd taken my beating, I didn't look at any of the other boys in the class hoping to see signs of sympathy or of moral support on their faces. That would have been a waste of time. I was one of a number of boys—Meyer Steiner, Potty Gilman, Babababa Bridges, and three or four others—who were objects of derision in the school. Any master who wanted to win over a sticky or hostile class could quickly swing it to him by getting a laugh or two at our expense. It was an easy way of being awfully decent and establishing the working rapport that makes a class go. I belonged among the outcasts because I was known to cry easily. I had given myself away on my first day at St. Ennedoc's. That evening as I was wandering about the school wanting to ask questions but not daring to, the strangeness, the prevailing tone of boisterous harshness, and the sense of being far from home all combined to overwhelm me. I looked up at the clock on the wall in the Big Hall and saw its long minute hand jerk forward with an audible click. (A minute was gone out of the eleven weeks of the winter term which lay ahead. When it was over, there would be the eight-week Easter term to get through, and after that the summer term, which stretched away forever.) Tears of dismay started from my eyes. "Eugh," said a towheaded boy who was standing nearby, arranging his books in his locker. "It blubbs." He raised his voice. "There's a blubber on the go, you chaps. Who's got a handkerchief to mop up his tears?"

"You can't do that to him yet, Mitchell," a boy named Toby said. "He hasn't been told the rule about blubbing." He turned to me. "If you want to cry, you'd better not do it in public. You can blubb all you want in the coatroom. You can go in there and stand on your shoe locker with your head wrapped in your overcoat and nobody will touch you. If you cry anywhere else, you'll get your tears mopped up with one of these." He pulled a handkerchief with a hard knot tied in one of its corners out of his jacket pocket. I noticed that Mitchell had pulled a handkerchief knotted in the same way out of his pocket. He was swinging it against the door of his locker and staring at me greedily.

"I don't understand," I said.

"Oh, like this," Mitchell said and hit me on the top of the head. "As you're new, you can have a start. I'll count five," he said. "One . . . two . . . three . . ."

"Run for it, Rees, run!" said Toby.

"Run where?"

"To the coatroom, you silly ass."

"Five!" said Mitchell and hit me again.

I turned to run, and found that I was in the middle of a ring of boys with knotted handkerchiefs. "Please let me go by," I said.

"Boohoo! Boohoo, baby bunting! Boohoo!" they said, hitting at me. The knots stung the top of my head, my ears, and my bare knees. I didn't know what to do.

"Try to get out!" shrieked Toby, hitting at me like all the others. I tried to push my way out of the ring and was pushed back into it. The game seemed to go on forever.

It always did. I never got used to it. I always swore, as I escaped at last into the sanctuary of the coatroom, that the next time I wouldn't cry, no matter what was said to me, or done to me, or sung at me, but sooner or later my tears started to flow, and the knotted handkerchiefs came out. Things were rather worse for Meyer Steiner. Somebody had put two and two together and guessed correctly that Meyer's father was the Meyer Steiner of the forty-shilling suit shops, which were opening all over England at that time. Somebody made up a

song. The next day everybody in school seemed to have the words by heart. Meyer could always hold out through the first hateful verse: "Meyer Steiner is a tricky Yid/ He'll sell you a suit for a couple of quid/ It will stink and so will you/ 'Cause Forty-Shilling Steiner is a German Jew." He sometimes lasted through the second. But even though he dug his fingernails into the palms of his hands, he could never take more than two lines of the third: "Old Ma Steiner is a fat old hag/ She stuffs smelly drawers in her laundry bag . . ." When he heard those words, he always burst into tears of rage and rushed at his tormentors with his fists flailing. The other boys would close in, punching him and kicking at his shins.

One day, I stood watching the pack that always seemed to tag around after Mitchell. They were giving Gilman a hard time. I didn't want to watch, but I couldn't stop. Steiner was suddenly beside me.

"What are you thinking about this minute, Rees?" he said.

I said, "Oh, I don't know."

He said, "I'll tell you. You're despising Gilman. You're wishing people like Mitchell liked you. Aren't you?"

"I'm not," I said indignantly, blushing.

Steiner laughed. "I don't blame you. It's this disgusting place. I'm going to make my father take me away." He paused. "Next holidays. I'll die rather than come back." He kicked the ground at his feet. "You ought to get out, too."

"I expect it's just the same at other schools," I said.

"It can't be," he said. "There can't be Mitchells everywhere." He kicked the ground again. "I know that's not true. The world's full of them. But I'd like to get away from *that* Mitchell all the same."

Gilman made a superhuman effort and broke out of the ring. With his long legs flying and his arms protecting his head he bolted round a corner of the building and vanished from sight, with the pack, yelling, in hot pursuit.

Steiner threw his head back. "You know what *I* was thinking while that was going on? I was thinking I was glad it was Gilman they had in their beastly ring and not me." He sighed.

I said, "I thought that, too."

We started walking toward the school buildings together. He said, "You know what happens next, don't you? They'll give you a worse time than ever if they know you're making friends with Sheeny Steiner."

"It can't make any difference," I said.

I was wrong. It made things much worse. But it was worth it. After talking with Steiner for a few minutes, I found myself trying to speak the truth, too, instead of groping for the correct or the safe thing that couldn't be used against me. Through him, I had a glimpse of a new landscape in which it wasn't a crime to be oneself.

"Are you going to sell old clothes when you grow up, Rees?" Mitchell said. "Or keep a pawnshop? You'd better watch out, then; you won't be fit for anything else if you spend all your time with Sheeny. You'll even forget how to speak proper English. Before long you'll only be able to make noises like '*oi yoi yoi yoi.*' "

"Oh, put a sock in your silly fat face," I said.

I was sitting on a desk, sorting an almost complete set of cigarette cards of Dogs of All Nations. There was a craze for such cards that year, and we spent much of our free time trading and swapping to build complete sets. Fresh cards in mint condition had a higher value as swaps than grubby ones. Mitchell leaned over and knocked the cards onto the floor and jumped on them. He danced about, trampling the dirt and grit on the soles of his shoes into them. I fell on my knees and tried to gather them up. "Mind your hands, Rees," Mitchell said, stamping at them.

It was unfair, and silly, and nasty. My tears came. "It's blubbing again," Mitchell said happily. "Rees is turning on the waterworks." His friends gathered and formed a ring. The game of mopping up tears began.

Afterward, Steiner said, "Perhaps we ought to be secret friends, in the holidays. We could pretend to quarrel. It might make things easier."

A couple of weeks later, Steiner's father came down to the school on a visiting day and took us both to lunch. To ask another boy to go out with one's parents or to accept the invitation was the most extreme form of a public admission of friendship at St. Ennedoc's. We both felt reckless and daring, and we giggled a great deal as Mr. Steiner's chauffeur-driven Rolls carried us off through Maidenhead to the Café de Paris, at Bray.

"I'm glad to see you so full of beans," Mr. Steiner said. "It's a change." He turned to me. "Meyer tells me terrible stories about the place. But I don't believe it's half as bad as he says when I see you two looking so cheerful."

We were both sobered instantly and made incapable of speech.

"Did I say the wrong thing?" said Mr. Steiner.

I couldn't meet his eye. There was a long pause. Mr. Steiner began to talk to Meyer about a visit he had just made to cousins who lived in the North. We had a very good lunch at the half-awake riverside night club, and walked by the river, in the thin March sunshine, until teatime. We ate hot buttered toast by a bright fire while it grew dark outside. The small room filled with the scent of Mr. Steiner's cigar. A waiter came in to turn on the lights, but Mr. Steiner waved him away. I felt sleepy and contented.

"Meyer tells me that some of the fellows at St. Ennedoc's have a rough time," Mr. Steiner said abruptly. "This fellow Gilman—what about *him*, now?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "The others just don't like him."

"There must be something wrong with him, if everybody dislikes him," Mr. Steiner said.

"Well," I said, "he wets his bed. When it happens, Mrs. Eden—she's the matron—sends for him in class. She makes him wash his sheet. When he's done it, she hangs it out of the dormitory window to dry, so that everybody knows."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Steiner. "I see. And what about this boy Bridges? Babababa Bridges. I suppose he stutters."

I nodded, glad to be let off as lightly as that.

"But what about this game—'catch'—they play with Bridges? What about that?"

"Well, I don't know. He's got bad eyesight, or something. He can't catch things. They throw things at him—at his face. Hard. When he's upset, he stutters. They shout, 'Catch, Bridges, catch!' and then these things—squash balls, India rubbers, things like that—hit him. And then he says, 'You're all beasts—b-b-b-b-beasts!' and they throw more things. That's all 'catch' is, with Bridges."

There was a brief silence. The firelight played on Mr. Steiner's face. He stared into the red heart of the fire. "They—the boys who do these things," he said, and cleared his throat. "They make up some pretty funny songs about unusual people. Meyer was telling me there was such a song about him." Mr.

Steiner gave me a sidelong glance. "You don't remember the words, do you?"

The blood rushed to my face. I couldn't say anything.

"The words of a song are so terrible!" said Mr. Steiner.

I nodded.

"All this can happen under Major Barlow's nose? How can that be? They told me it was such a good school—men I had reason to trust. Everybody spoke well of the place. They said it was for decent boys, for the sons of gentlemen. I had no idea—"

"I told you what it was like, Papa," Meyer said.

"And I didn't believe you," Mr. Steiner said. They stared at each other. "I suppose I didn't want to. I'll take you away. This term will be your last, I promise you."

THIS was just before the Easter holidays. Aunt Gwen was away on a concert tour that had started in South Africa, that had taken her to Australia and New Zealand, and that was at present keeping her in America. Beatrice Blood was staying in the apartment in London with me. Some years before, when I was a very small child, she had shared a house with Aunt Gwen in a small town on the north shore of the Thames Estuary. At that time, they were both launching out hopefully on their careers. Gwen Rees was making a name for herself as a concert pianist, and Bee, whose stage name was Fanny Parr, was having an early success as a pretty young actress. But while Aunt Gwen went ahead and became well known, Bee turned into "Poor Bee," an actress down on her luck who was given bit parts, out of kindness, by managers who remembered her as she had been before she grew thick-ankled and heavy round the waist and hips. Aunt Gwen kept in touch with her, but it was an effort to pretend that the basis of the old freedom and intimacy was still there. In the end, she found herself, like everybody else, being kind to Poor Bee, who had at last retreated from an unhappy love affair with a married man who kept his Thursday evenings free for her, and had turned for comfort to the Roman Church. Conversion suited her. It made her look younger and less crushed. But it didn't make her any easier to deal with. Aunt Gwen found the enthusiastic gush of the newly converted disconcerting in the mouth of an old friend, and tried to avoid meetings that would leave them alone together. She felt guilty about being in this way ungenerous, and compensated for it by thinking of a plan that enabled her to give Poor Bee frequent assistance in a way that seemed an exchange of favors. Whenever Aunt Gwen had to go abroad while I was at home for the holidays, Bee would come to stay in

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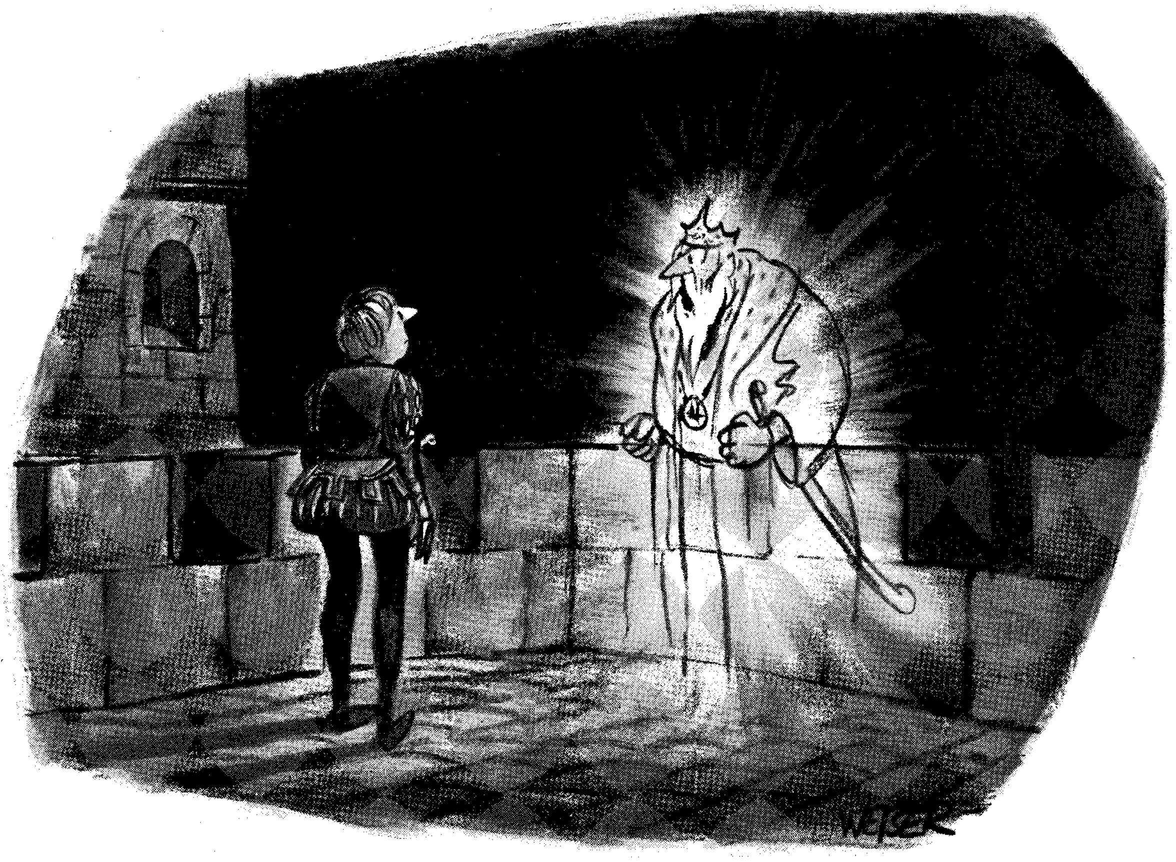

"Stop calling me Dad!"

• •

the apartment to look after me. This allowed Aunt Gwen to give her a certain amount of money and a few days, or weeks, of free board and lodging without any flavor of charity to them.

"I'm so glad you were able to come, Bee dear," she would say. "I was at my wit's end to know what to do. I'd hate to leave David with a stranger. It makes me feel so much better about going off without him when I know he's with someone he's been fond of ever since he can remember."

I was never able to tell Aunt Gwen that I couldn't bear Bee any more, because I was ashamed of myself for being disloyal. I had loved her when she was warm-blooded, confident, and proud, but her dwindling had upset me. I felt that there was some menace in her loss of lustre, her thickening, her shabbiness, and, worst of all, in her attempts to enlist me in the company of the disappointed. Because I was a boy, she affected a hearty, chappish, man-to-man way of speaking when we were alone together. But with the language of courage on her lips, she preached a doctrine of meekness and acceptance that I didn't like at all. "Everybody can't be a sergeant in this life, you know. There have to be some lancejacks and privates, after all," she used to say. "You can't expect everything to happen just the way you want it." I was sure that my life was going to be glorious and exciting, and I very much didn't want to be drawn down to Bee's level of patient suffering. And then, too, she didn't play fair. As someone I had once loved, she could get past my guard in a way that a stranger would not have been able to. Whenever she caught me out in the act of withholding any part of my life from her, she would look at me with a deeply injured expression and say, "Oh! David! I thought we knew each other better than that! I thought we were friends."

Since she was able to get free seats for matinées from her friends in the theatre whenever she wanted, she often took me to plays, and on Sundays she always took me to Mass at the Brompton Oratory or the new Roman Cathedral at Westminster. I enjoyed the plays, particularly when they weren't in modern dress, but it was being taken to Mass that I liked most. When we came out onto the street afterward, I would feel too full of affectionate gratitude to speak, and I would hold her hand as we set out homeward. Poor Bee always misread this as a sign that I was in an especially receptive mood, and she would start telling me about the more inward beauties of her faith. I would say, "Yes, Bee," "Oh, yes," "I know it means that," "I do understand," but I didn't, and I wasn't even listening. I was trying to keep the Mass going inside my head. High Mass at the Cathedral was best of all. I could stay drunk with it for a whole day, remembering the counterpoint of the fresh voices chanting into the humming echo of the last Latin phrases dying away up in the shadowy barrel vault, where, far above the blaze of light and color round the scarlet figure of the enthroned cardinal and the altar, a huge hanging crucifix seemed to float in space. This was a vision of life as it might, and should always, be.

On the last Sunday of the Easter holiday, knowing that I wanted to go to the Cathedral, Bee had insisted on the Oratory. Afterward, as we were walking through the empty Sunday-morning streets, back to Aunt Gwen's flat in South Kensington, she broke in, as usual, on the world of soaring excitement that we had just left behind. "The love of God isn't like any other love. It fills the whole of your life. Once you've known its warmth and its glory, you'll never feel empty, or useless, or lonely, or truly sad, ever again. Belief is the true happiness, David dear. It will see you through anything."

In a few days, I was to go back to St. Ennedoc's for the eternity of the thirteen weeks of summer. Sadness filled the empty space in front of the Victoria and Albert Museum and brimmed out of it into the wide asphalt deserts of the Exhibition Road and the Cromwell Road.

"If you could let yourself believe—if you'd give yourself to God," Bee said, "you'd be so much happier!"

In my mind, while she was talking, I blamed her for the desolation of the plains of cement we were crossing, for the short time I had left at home, for not being Aunt Gwen, for everything. I pulled my hand away from hers, and as I jerked it free I saw an expression of intolerable sweetness appear on her face; she was silently forgiving me for

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my ingratitude. "You're such a funny, sullen little boy," she said. "You seem so angry with life. If you'd only let love into your heart, everybody would like you so much better. You wouldn't have nearly such a hard time at school—or anywhere else." Her words made my stomach turn over. I hated being unpopular and an outcast at St. Ennedoc's. But from the first moment that I'd realized that I wasn't liked by most of the boys and the masters at the school, I'd felt that this was a shameful secret that nobody at home—Aunt Gwen above all—must ever be allowed to find out. And now it was plain that Poor Bee knew, and that she had probably known all along. Perhaps everybody knew, and only had to look at me to know.

In a spasm of distress I suddenly thought of Mr. Keogh, the very embodiment of my unhappiness at school. I would find myself face to face with him at the end of the week. I took Poor Bee's hand again. I said, "If somebody hated me very much, and liked being really beastly to me, would loving God make any difference?" I watched her face to see if she was going to give me a truthful answer. Some thought went through her mind, but whatever it was, it left her face and brow serene.

"Oh, yes, dear," she said. "If your heart were filled with love, it would make all the difference in the world."

THE thought that the first friend I had made at the school wasn't going to be there when I got back may have accounted for my sudden clutch at her faith. In any event, it seemed to me that if I could look forward to getting out of St. Ennedoc's once a week and into the splendid world of the Mass it would make all the difference. I begged and entreated Poor Bee to commit herself to a lie. At first she said it was quite impossible, but in the end she gave way, and on the last day before I went back to school she wrote to Major Barlow to say that it was Miss Rees's wish that in the coming term I should be permitted to attend Mass.

"Well, Rees," Major Barlow said, "I've had a letter from this lady who's acting as your guardian while your aunt's abroad, about churchgoing. We can't—I'm sure you'll see the force of this—have you wandering off into town by yourself every Sunday. That's out of the question. Luckily our Mr. Keogh's a Roman. I don't let him off morning prayers, and I'm not making an exception for you. But he goes to Mass every Sunday morning before breakfast, and you can go with him. Fix up the details between you." He cleared his throat. "Now, Rees, I've nothing against Romans. But think about what you're doing. I don't presume to give advice on matters of religion. There's no point in reasoning with a man where his feelings about a woman or a religion are concerned. But there's an awful lot to be said for the National Church, you know. A great deal. Look at it in the light of history before you cut adrift from it. Remember your Protestant British heritage. Think of its meaning. Give thought to who you are, and what you are, and remember there's nothing queer or odd about being an Anglican. I shan't say any more. Religious faith is essentially a private matter. It's up to you."

Mr. Keogh found me later in the day and said, "What's all this about, Rees? If it's some silly stunt of yours, I'll make you sorry for it. Are you serious?"

I said I was.

"I'm telling you, you'd better be." He gave a hunted glance round him. "I'm not saying I wouldn't rejoice in your salvation—it's always a grand thing when a soul comes home to God—but if it's your thought to make me ridiculous by tagging along to Mass with me, I'll just about kill you for it, and that's a fact."

"Oh, no, sir," I said. "There's nothing in my heart but love."

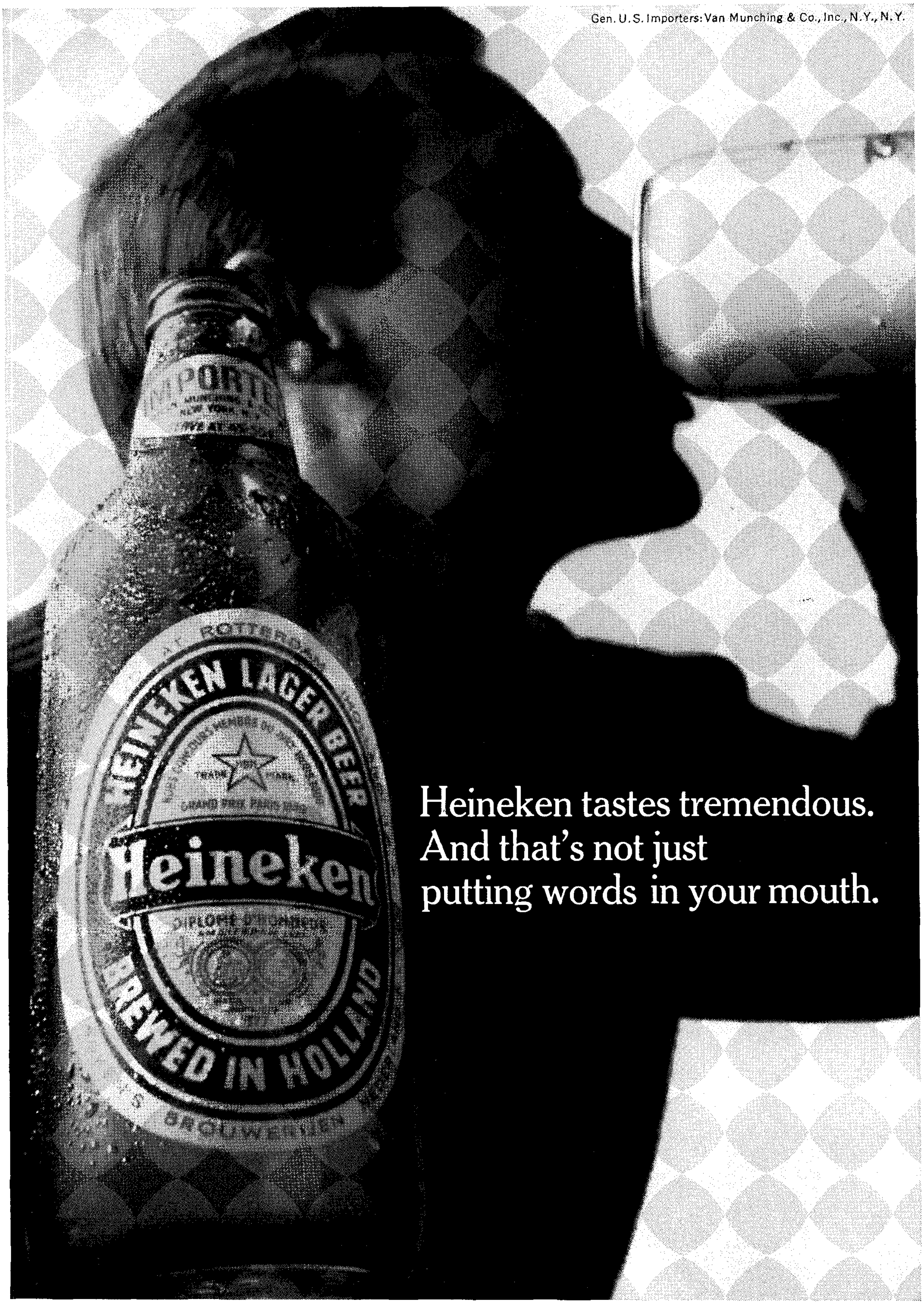
"Is there not, now," said Mr. Keogh thoughtfully.

On Sunday morning, I left the fourteen other boys who shared my dormitory asleep or dozing, and tiptoed out into the echoing, empty corridors. Mr. Keogh was waiting for me in the front hall, and as I came up to him he took a quick look at his wristwatch. "You're only just in time. Another minute and I'd have gone without you."

"I'm sorry, sir," I said.

"Well, this once it doesn't matter, but be in good time in future or I'll not wait."

We went out of the front door into one of those mornings in which everything seems to be drenched in sunshine. The inside of St. Ennedoc's always smelled of school. The air outside that morning was joy to breathe. We walked briskly down the drive, and out into the world. At first it was almost like a country walk. Apple trees and pear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BUSINESS WEEK

trees bulged over walls and palings, dropping pink and white petals onto the sidewalks. The houses stood well back from the road, almost hidden from sight by their clusters of big, space-devouring trees—copper beeches still pink in their first leaf, great chestnuts covered with white candles, and spreading, dark-green cedars of Lebanon. As we went farther from the school, the houses drew in and the road became a street, with lampposts and garden gates at regular intervals. The big, comfortable Victorian houses gave way to semi-detached villas whose gardens were bright with pink may and white may, dripping yellow laburnum, and the chemical colors of fancy crab apples and sterile double cherries. We passed through an open zone of allotments and sports grounds and came to the Maidenhead Tent Works. We left it behind us, and walked under a railway arch into treeless streets lined with grim-faced two-story terrace houses. We met an early riser; dressed in shirt, trousers, and carpet slippers, he had slipped out to get his *News of the World* at the corner shop. The shirt was open at the neck, exposing an expanse of white undervest. "Wat che'r, mate," he said to Mr. Keogh. "Loverly, ain't it?"

Mr. Keogh gave him a watery smile and quickened his pace. "Why they had to pick on this neighborhood I'll never know," he muttered.

We turned the corner. The street in front of the raw red brick church and the gaunt parish house was filled with people chatting and enjoying the sunshine. "Anyone might think the Sons of Erin were giving a dance, or a social, or the Lord knows what," Mr. Keogh said.

Heads turned as we approached. "Good morning, Mr. Keogh," said a motherly woman. "I was just saying to Miss Banahan here that we'd be seeing you within the minute. It's as Charlie Deagan says—you're one to set a clock by." She beamed at me. "I see you've one of the young fellows from the college with you this morning."

"It is a pleasant morning, Mrs. O'Keefe," said Mr. Keogh coldly, pressing on.

A stoutly built young man barred our way. "I wonder if you'd spare me a moment, Mr. Keogh, sir?"

"Oh, very well, McGuire," said Mr. Keogh.

"Well, sir, it's no great matter, but there's a bunch of us, Terence O'Day and Johnny Gallagher, and others you know and others you don't, they're all good boys—well, we were thinking we'd have a bit of sport on Saturday

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afternoons, get up a club, you know, and make an Irish team to take on these English fellows at cricket in the summer and football in the winter. I'd a word with Father Wheeler about it, and he said that, seeing you were a great one with the like of that, you'd be the one to give us advice, and perhaps a little help at the start, till we know what we're at."

"I'd like to very much, McGuire," said Mr. Keogh, "but I'm afraid my duties leave me very little time of my own. Saturday's the big day for school athletics, you know, and what with the teaching and the regular games, I don't have a minute in the week. I'm sorry, McGuire."

"Ah, don't be sorry, sir. I'm sure you'd have given us a hand if you'd been able." Mr. McGuire gave me a friendly smile and stood aside.

We went on into the church. It was already half full, and by the time the people on the street had flowed in after us it was jammed to the doors. I gave myself up to the warm golden dream the Mass was for me, and I was, for the time being, happy.

"And what did you make of that, Master Rees?" said Mr. Keogh as we went back under the railway bridge.

"I thought it was a lovely service. I liked Father Wheeler very much, and I thought all the people there were terribly nice," I said.

Mr. Keogh snorted. "I suppose you took to that fellow McGuire."

"He seemed awfully decent," I said. "I hope he makes a success of his cricket club."

"The impertinence of the man," said Mr. Keogh. "As if I would want to give up half my free time to playing the fool with a set of good-for-nothing laborers. I wonder what Father Wheeler was thinking of, egging the fellow on to come bothering after me. But then he's one I'll never understand."

We walked on through the Sunday-morning hush with our backs to poverty, slowly climbing up the social ladder again toward the part of town where the pretty gardens and the wider streets and the money were. I looked up and saw a man shaving, absorbed and remote, grimacing into a glass hung beside an open upper window.

Mr. Keogh said, "He lays himself out to court that mob of wretched navvies and their biddies, as if they were the salt of the earth. 'They're dear people, and *good* people,' he says, beaming at them, as if anyone couldn't tell them for what they are a mile off—people of no quality at all. You'd think he was set on

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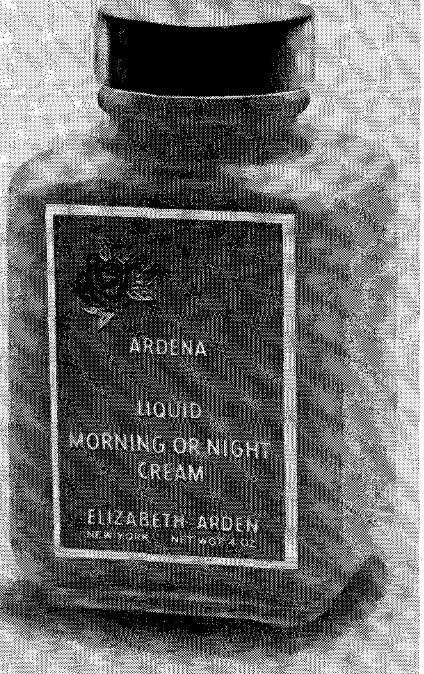

driving every last person with a jot of self-respect out of the church."

"I couldn't see anything wrong with them, sir," I said. "I mean, they're just ordinary Irish people, aren't they? They can't help that, any more than you can, can they?"

Mr. Keogh grabbed me by the shoulder. "I may have been born in Ireland," he said, "but I'm as much of a gentleman as you'll ever be, and don't you forget it!" He gave me a shove that sent me spinning.

Mr. Keogh found occasion to give me hard heelings three times during the week. On Friday, during preparation, I asked to be excused and went to see Major Barlow. "It was a mistake," I said. "I hadn't really thought about what it meant. I don't want to be a Roman any more, please, sir."

"You don't want to attend Mass, hey? Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, sir."

The Major sat back in his revolving chair, looking at me and shaking his head. "Sorry, Rees, it won't do," he said. "I'll tell you why. It's partly an administrative matter. Think what a mess I'd be in if half the boys in the school changed faiths every Sunday. And then, Rees, religion's a serious business. You don't chop and change with every shift in the wind when it comes to the way you approach your Maker. So just dismiss this idea of making a change, Rees. Put it right out of your mind." He twinkled at me. "It won't hurt you to go on getting up an hour earlier than the rest of the chaps on Sundays, you know. You'll get used to it."

So, on the following Sunday morning, I met Mr. Keogh in the stillness again. The spring was turning into summer. All the leaves were bigger, and the sidewalks were covered with fallen petals. A flight of pigeons released from a loft wheeled over our heads with flashing wings as we passed the allotments on our way back to the school.

"I've been thinking about you, Rees," Mr. Keogh said. "There's no hope for you, you know. You'll never get on with good people or bad. I knew that the minute I saw you. The boys know you for what you are. Boys have an instinct for these things; they know when something's wrong." I watched the pigeons passing out of sight. "It can't be at all pleasant to be the way you are," Mr. Keogh said. "I pity you, Rees. I truly do. It must be an awful thing to have a crippled spirit." I tried not to listen, telling myself that there were only eleven more Sundays in the term. "I was watching you all through the Mass," Mr. Keogh said. "You didn't have your mind on it for one second, from first to last, did you, now? . . . I'll let Father Wheeler know about you and the state of mind you're in. I'll make time to have a word with him during the week. I'll tell him to ask Major Barlow to keep you away. You've no spark of religious belief in you; it's all a hysterical trick, pretending you have. It's just to draw attention to yourself in the school. I'll let the good Father know what you're about. Then we'll see how much further you get with making a mockery of sacred matters. . . ."

On the Wednesday of that week, Mr. Keogh put me on report for poor work and inattention. I went to Major Barlow's study to carry out the first part of the ritual. "Please sir, may I have the report book?" The Major raised his eyebrows as he handed me the big red leather-bound volume. "Well, Rees," he said, "I'm sorry to see you're in trouble again. Who's putting you on report this time?"

"Mr. Keogh, please sir."

"Oh. Just let me have that book for a minute, will you?" He opened it at random and sat drumming his fingers. He seemed tired and old, as if he had grown sick of being large and frightening. "I ask you boys to come to me if there's anything wrong," he said, "but you never do. That feller Father Wheeler came to see me yesterday. I was a little short with him, I'm afraid. I didn't like him coming butting in, telling me how to run my own school. . . . You know, Rees, you're looking very strained and peaky. Perhaps we've been pushing you too hard. A couple of days in the sick-room might do you a world of good. I'll tell Mrs. Eden you need feeding up." He paused. "When you come out, I'll move you over into the Shell—you'll find the work easier there." He coughed, and cleared his throat. The Shell was a form for backward boys, and it was something of a disgrace to belong to it, but it was Captain Watts's form and Mr. Keogh never taught in it.

"Thank you, sir," I said.

"That's all right, my boy. Father Wheeler thinks, and I agree with him, that these Sunday-morning walks to his church aren't quite the thing for you just at present—a little too taxing. He

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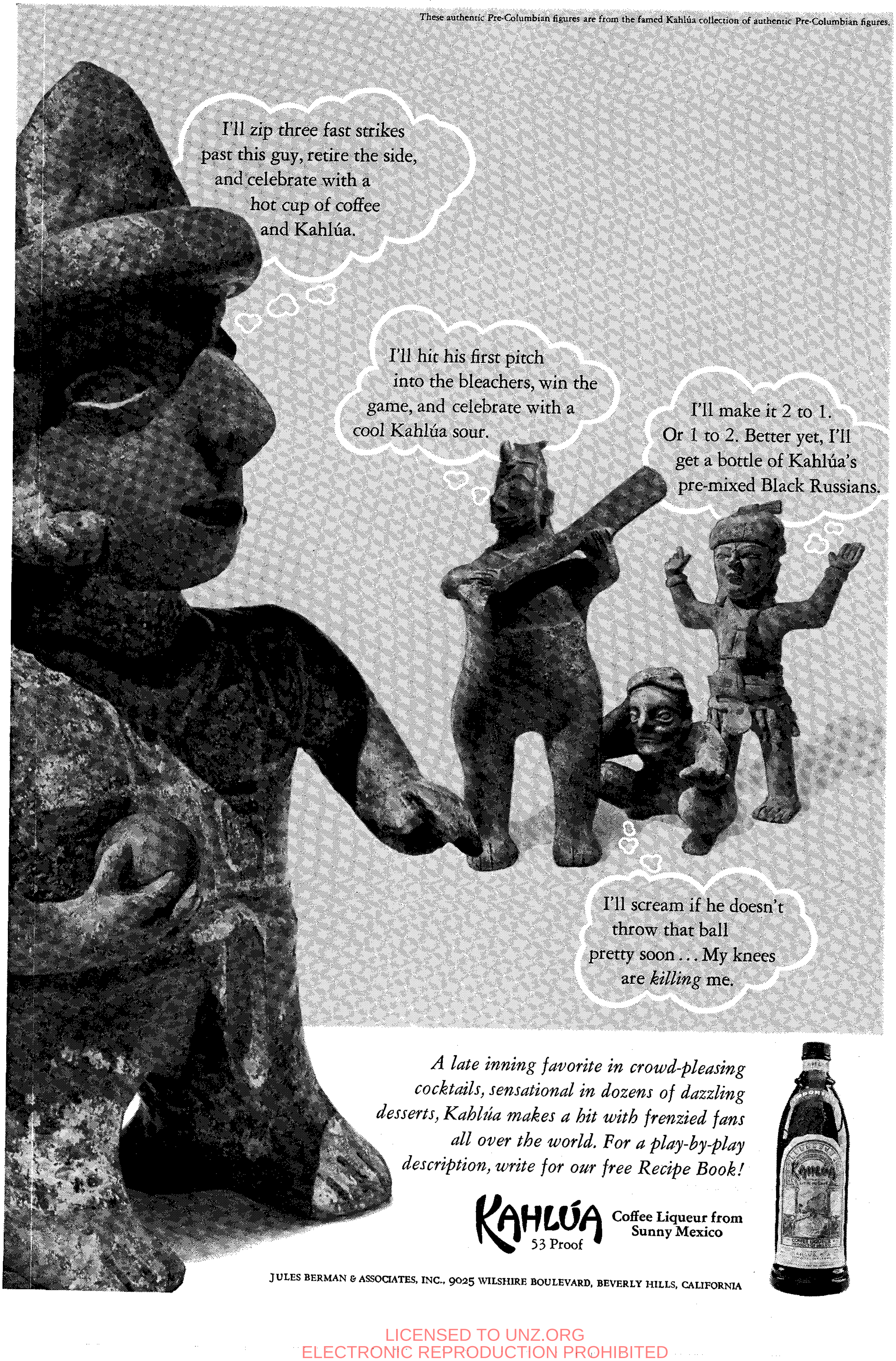
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AFTER two days of idling happily in the sickroom, I went back into the school and joined the Shell. I hadn't any idea how it was going to be, but it turned out to be surprisingly pleasant. The slow and backward boys in it all felt vulnerable to the mockery of the sharp-witted, and they made a solid front against it. At the end of my first day in the form, Mitchell bore down on me at the head of his band.

"Where have you been, Taffy? They say you blubbed so much after your swishing that you had to be put in the sickroom. Did Mrs. Eden give you nice blubbing medicine?"

I saw one of the games shaping up and began to steel myself for it.

Truscott from the Shell ambled up to us. "Dry up, Mitchell," he said. "You can leave our Bolshie alone."

"Oh, if you want it, you can have it," Mitchell said.

"Come on, Bolshie, something stinks around here," Truscott said. We walked away. He said, "Can you sing, Bolshie? If your aunt's such a wizard pianist and all that, you ought to know about tunes and things."

"I suppose I can," I said.

"Well, we're all singing 'Shine On, Shine On, Harvest Moon' and a lot of stuff like that in the half-term show, so you'll have to learn. Captain Watts makes us rehearse twice a week. It's a bit of a bore, but it's rather fun, really."

So I found myself changing into someone called Bolshie Rees, who wasn't a victim and who had a place in a gang as strong as Mitchell's. I discovered that I could make the boys in the Shell laugh, and Captain Watts discovered that I could dance. "Your singin's awful," he said, "but I'm going to make something of that cakewalk of yours."

Before I knew it, I was having a good time. Captain Watts painted a backdrop for us, showing a cabin in a cotton field, and Mrs. Eden made us costumes. We wore straw hats, blue work trousers, and pink-and-white checked shirts, and we carried hoes, and for the dress rehearsal we were made up in blackface. We went through the whole act, from " 'Way Down Upon the Swanee River,"

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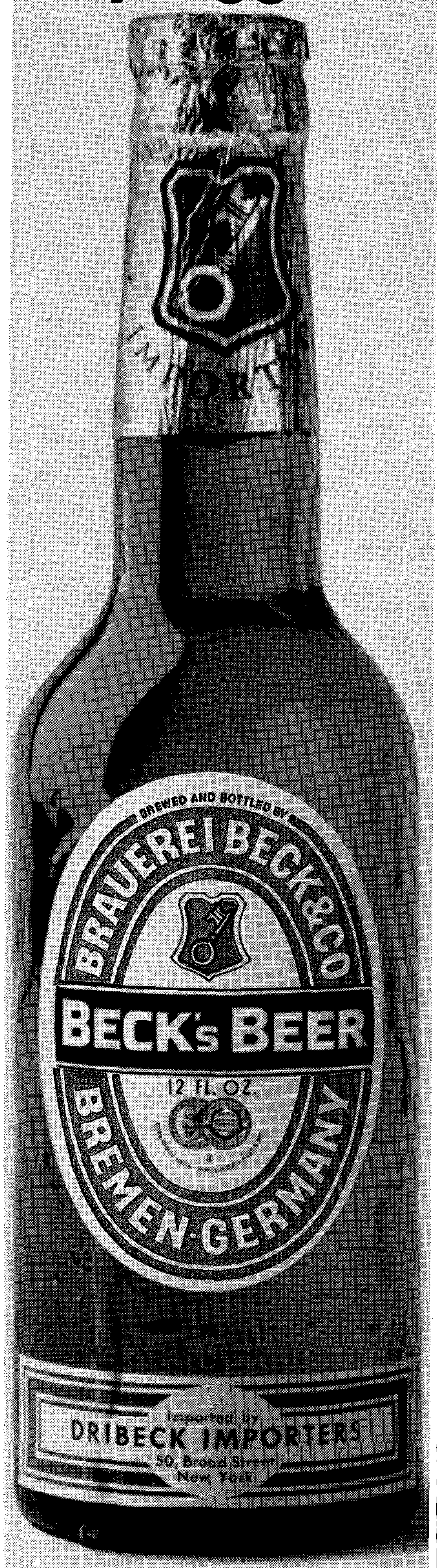

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through the "Camptown Races," and my cakewalk, to "Shine On, Harvest Moon." Everything went very well, and when the Captain sent us to get the makeup off our hands and faces before supper, we were all excited and pleased. We raced across the square of gravel outside the gymnasium and round the corner of the classroom block. Halfway down the side of the main building, we burst through the swinging doors into the lobby between the sixth-form room and the Big Hall. As I trailed after the others, I ran full tilt into Mr. Keogh, who had just come out of Big Hall. My head hit him in the stomach, winding him and making him drop the armful of books he was carrying. He looked uncomprehendingly into my blackened face for a moment and then recognized me.

"*You*, you filthy creature! I know this isn't any accident! It'll do you no good to whine 'Sorry, sir' at me. I'll make you sorry. I'll teach you the meaning of the word." He began slapping me, knocking my head first one way and then the other. "I'll not send you to Major Barlow to give you the chance to fill him up with your lies about me and my wickedness. This is a job I'll do myself. There, take that, and that, and that . . ." His voice rose in pitch hysterically and he began hitting me harder and faster.

The shower of blows stopped. I opened my eyes and saw that Mr. Keogh had been pinioned by Captain Watts. They were wrestling, breathing hard, in a sudden silence. I saw several juniors with scared faces peering out at us through the glass panels in the Big Hall doors.

"Stop playing the bloody fool, Keogh," Captain Watts said in a quiet, conversational tone. "Get a grip on yourself, man."

Mr. Keogh struggled in his arms for another half minute and then became still. "All right, Watts," he said. "All right."

When the Captain let him go, he straightened his tie and jacket, picked up his scattered books, and left without speaking.

Captain Watts stared at me. "Are you all right?"

I nodded. The taste of my own blood in my mouth made me feel nauseated.

"You won't say anything about this to anyone, will you, Rees?" he said. "You aren't a sneak, are you?"

I shook my head.

"There's a good chap," said the Captain. "Just try to forget the whole thing, if you can." He patted my shoul-

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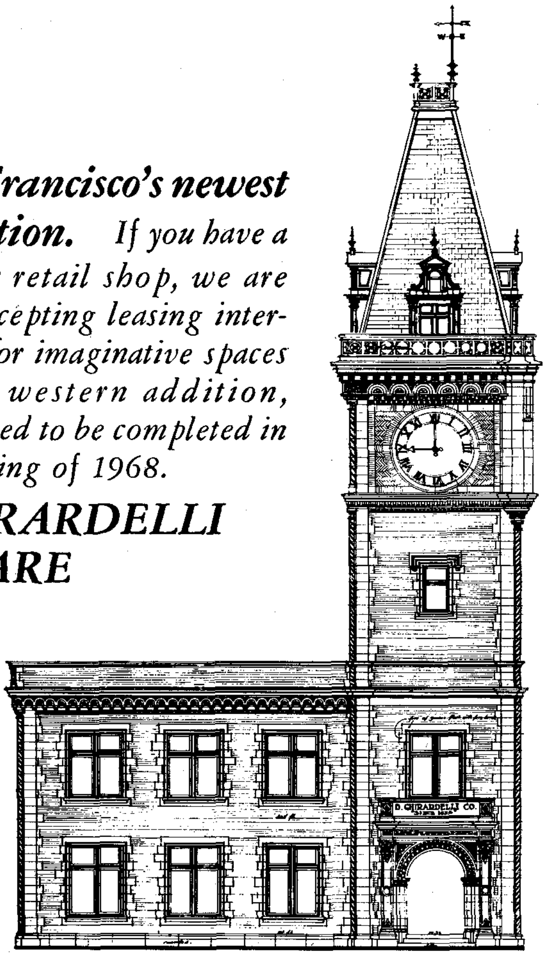
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der and hurried off along the stone-flagged passageway. I leaned against the wall, waiting to see if I was going to cry.

A junior came timidly through the Big Hall door and stood in front of me. "I say, Bolshie! What happened?"

I pushed myself away from the wall. "Nothing that's any of *your* business," I said, and walked on to the changing room, to wash the burnt cork from my face and hands and to rinse the sour blood out of my mouth.

The next day was the Saturday of the half-term weekend—a whole holiday, with parents about the place all day, looking at the art, photographic, and hobby exhibitions in the morning, watching the fathers' team playing cricket against the first eleven in the afternoon, and dutifully filling the four front rows at the show in the gymnasium in the evening. The mothers were in long dresses and wide-brimmed hats, as if it were Ascot or Henley or a formal garden party. They drifted everywhere, saying, "How nice!" and "How clever!" and radiating some magic that turned us from schoolboys into children again. Even the coarse, coppery Mitchell was someone else, with his love for his mother in his face.

At the end of the day, we were all worn out, excited and mysteriously happy. Everyone was telling me that the cakewalk had been simply ripping, and I was hoping that I would run into Mr. Keogh in my hour of triumph, but I didn't see him then, or on Sunday either, although I was on the lookout for him. From time to time as I wandered round the school buildings in the anticlimactic Sabbath calm, I touched the cut on the inside of my swollen lip with the tip of my tongue, tasting blood again and wondering if I would be afraid of Mr. Keogh when I saw him.

On Monday morning, he was at prayers. He came into Big Hall with the other masters and stood in line with them, facing the school, to wait for Major Barlow to sweep in, in his academic gown and scarlet hood, with his prayer book in his hand. While we all waited, standing in the customary silence, Mr. Keogh glanced furtively around to see if I was in my usual place. Our eyes met. He looked away, lowering his eyelids and licking his lips.

Every night, just before lights-out, Major Barlow came through the dormitories to say good night to us, and there were times when he walked stiffly but uncertainly and smelled of spirits. Mrs. Eden, who accompanied him on what he called his "visiting rounds," watched him nervously and held her body as if she was trying in some way to dissociate herself from him. One evening when the Major came into my dormitory he didn't leave immediately when his routine question "All well, eh, boys?" had been answered with the routine reply "Yes, sir, all well," spoken by us in unison. He stood for a moment staring about him with his face almost purple. His eyes lit on me and he staggered over and gripped my bed end. "Oh, Major Barlow," said Mrs. Eden. "Not all well at all, is it, Rees? Not a bit of it." He groped for words. "Owe you an apology. Make it to you properly one of these days." He lifted his head and looked at the rows of perplexed, interested faces on each side of the room. "Now, Major Barlow, this isn't right," said Mrs. Eden. "Don't care," said Major Barlow. "Now, boys," he said, "not at all easy running a place like this. Staff always a problem. Chaps you get say they believe in education, say they like boys, look like gentlemen. All lies. They don't. They aren't." "Please, Major Barlow," said Mrs. Eden, putting a restraining hand on his arm. Major Barlow patted it. "There, never mind," he said to her. He went on. "Find out too late. Looks bad, rotten bad. Not really my fault. Feller called Steiner been writing unpleasant letters saying it is my fault. Unfair, feller doesn't understand the difficulties. Want to appeal to your loyalty." "You must come away from here, Major Barlow," said Mrs. Eden. "In a minute, Mrs. Eden, a minute. You know I believe in you chaps. Want you to believe in me. When your people ask you about going or staying, I want you to say 'Stay.' That's all, really." An expression of confusion crossed his face. "Tell your parents everything all right now, diff'rent atmosphere altogether, fresh start. Don't let me down. There's good fellers. Good night." Mrs. Eden led him from the room, snapping the light out as she passed the switch by the door.

ACREAGE
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AUNT GWEN came back from her tour in July, at the end of a long spell of settled weather. When she came down to see me on a visiting day, we hired an electric canoe at Maidenhead Bridge and went gliding up the stream past Boulter's Lock to have a picnic on the water, under the swelling bank of Cliveden woods. She had bobbed her hair while she was in Ameri-

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ca, and though I said I liked it when she asked me, I wasn't sure that I did.

She said, "I've had a row with Poor Bee about you. I told her she really has no right to muddle you up about religion before you're grown up enough to know what you're letting yourself in for. It was just a silliness about your wanting to become a convert, wasn't it?"

"I suppose so," I said. Swans came alongside and ate bread as fast as we could give it to them. "Major Barlow says I ought to think of my Protestant heritage," I said.

Aunt Gwen laughed, and then suddenly became serious. "I've had the strangest letter from a man called Steiner. He says I ought to take you away from St. Ennedoc's. He says you've been terribly unhappy there, and that there's an awful amount of bullying. He says he's been sending circular letters to all the parents to warn them about what's going on. Do you know what he's talking about?"

I threw some bread to a swan. "I liked his son," I said. "We were friends. He was ragged a bit about being a Jew. It was rather awful, really. And then there is a master called Keogh. He's a beast. But I'm not in his form now."

"Has it been very horrid?" Aunt Gwen asked.

"Oh, it hasn't been too bad," I said. I kept my eye on the swans. "Have I been very stupid?" Aunt Gwen asked.

"No," I said, "it's all right, really."

When she left me off at St. Ennedoc's, I had a proud feeling that I hadn't let the Major down. Aunt Gwen, however, went back to London determined to talk with Mr. Steiner as soon as she could. What he told her shook her and made her feel very uneasy, but she hesitated about taking me away. She asked some of her men friends who had been through the machine what their schools had been like. They said, "Don't fret yourself, my dear. Nobody likes going to school, you know. I expect it all sounds a lot worse than it really is. Boys of that age are bound to be unhappy a lot of the time anyway. It's a part of growing up." She didn't know what to do, until Major Barlow ran into trouble in the middle of July. He was brought up before the local magistrate and fined thirty pounds, for driving dangerously and for being drunk in charge of a motorcar. The magistrate said it was a bad case, involving a man who had a special duty to set a good example, and the London evening papers and one or two of the dailies gave the Major short, fatal para-

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graphs. It was all that was needed to make up Aunt Gwen's mind, and it swayed all the parents who had been disturbed but not altogether convinced by Mr. Steiner. "After all," they had been telling themselves, "Steiner's a perfectly decent fellow, but, well, frankly, not quite one of us. . . ."

A sense of crisis and impending disaster hung over the last days of the term; fifty out of the seventy boys at the school knew that they were leaving and being transferred to other schools. We all felt that something terrible would happen before we got away, but the time ran out and nothing unusual did, in fact, take place. Our packed trunks went off to the station one evening, and the next morning we climbed into the hired buses with our overnight bags. While we sat waiting for them to start, I looked at the creeper-covered façade of the main block. The vine seemed more beautiful than ever to me—wonderful in its hunger for life and in its disregard of what went on in the building it almost smothered. A gust ruffled its leaves, parting them. I saw for the first time a stone shield let into the wall above the front door. It had the pathetic, bogus coat of arms of St. Ennedoc's carved upon it, and beneath it a strip of stone ribbon carried a date, 1903, and the school's motto: "Aspire!" Looking at them gave me a strange pang of grief—for myself, for Major Barlow, for Mr. Keogh, for Poor Bee, for all creatures great and small.

—ANTHONY WEST

•

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR CUSTOMERS

As of April 1st, 1967 we are billing on a Cycle Basis, so that we may better serve you.

Please be patient with us. In the beginning there may be omissions and additions on your statements which will rectify themselves the following month.

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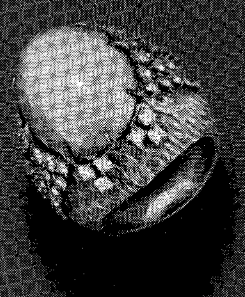
•

Mrs. Johnson flew back in a rain storm from a New York visit and barely got to the reception on time. Her social secretary, Bess Abell, said the commercial shuttle plane—Eastern Airlines — on which Mrs. Johnson flew, made an approach for landing at Washington's National Airport and zoomed up again. —*Dallas Times-Herald.*

No vivid writing, please.

Cartier



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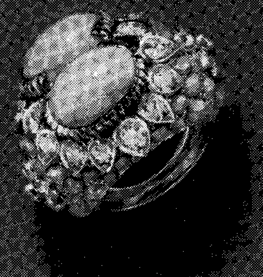

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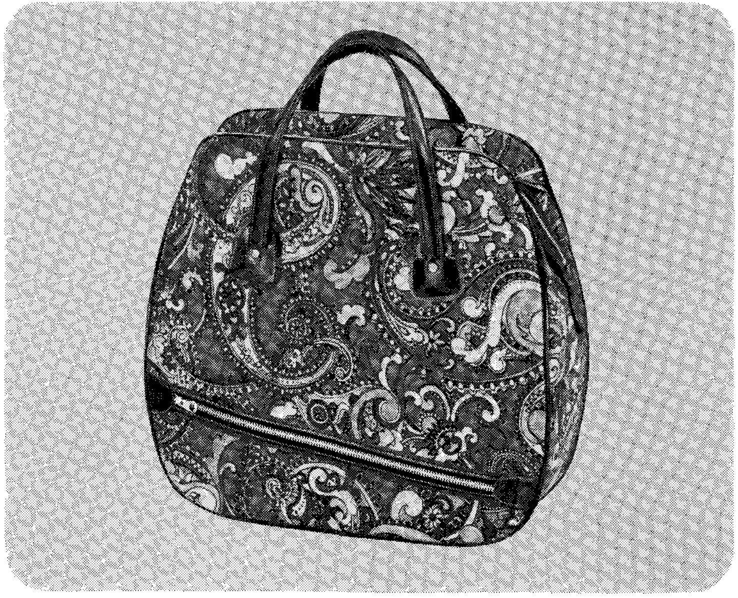

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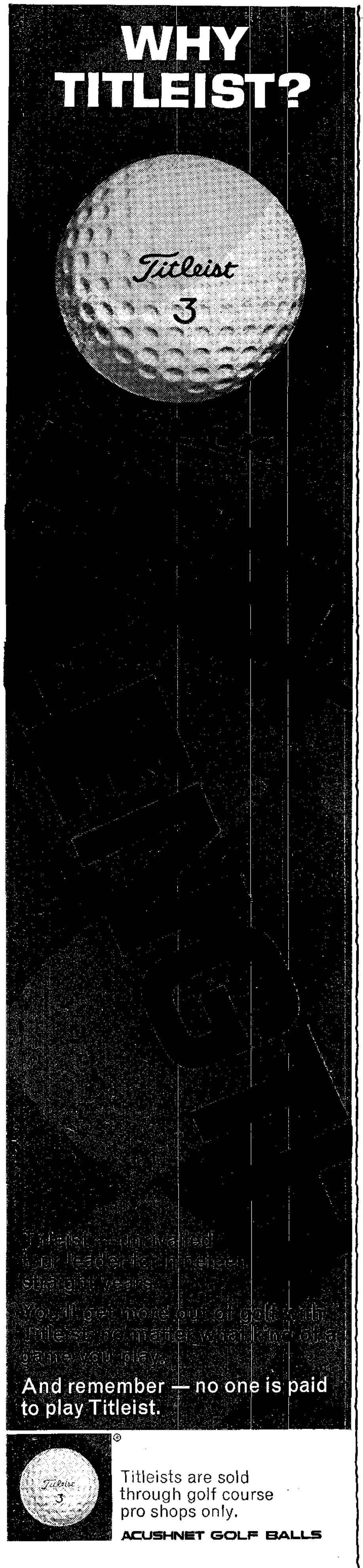

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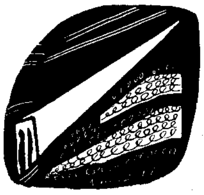
ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Eight Women

"WOMAN TIMES SEVEN" was produced by Americans, directed by Vittorio De Sica, cast with actors from four or five countries, and shot in Paris—unfortunately not fatally. The sheer cost in plane tickets of this international labor at comedy must have been phenomenal. Typically enough, nothing whatever of the travelled world rubs off on the picture. This isn't the globe opening up; it's the old parish pump of show biz transported somewhere by air freight. "Woman Times Seven" may have been around, but its character remains hygienically and solemnly Hollywood's, as if the atmosphere of the world weren't safe to drink. A production like this could quite easily roam the universe and turn it into Sunset Boulevard without seeming to have moved; like the smile of air hostesses, it has the awful gift of making everywhere seem exactly the same and very, very far away from anything you know or care for.



At the start of the picture, a star in widow's weeds is walking in a funeral procession. A male star, also in mourning, marches beside her and makes sombre passes at her as they skip over puddles. (This is called "black comedy.") In the hands of the dire jokers who pervade the entertainment industry during its present phase of flailing formulas, the opening serves mostly as a signal that one of the stars is going to come out of mourning in a minute and play a lot of other parts, because it is unthinkable that a box-office draw should spend the whole length of a box-office film playing a character in a state of loss. Loss is too like failure, and failure is bad for empathy. Since the male star in the procession is Peter Sellers, it seems clear that it is going to be the man who will play the multiple parts. But the film has a twist, of course. It is the *woman*—Shirley MacLaine—who appears as seven different people. Peter Sellers appears as only one. This makes the picture original. Besides, Sellers is very busy.

Like the cosmetics industry, the entertainment business knows very well how to minister to our wan unconscious hope of reincarnation. It is obviously cheering to be told that it takes only moisture balm, or grease strained through silk, or essence of royal ant gland, or whatever it is, to be reborn with another face. The characters in Broadway hits and Hollywood comedies who crop up in different embodiments extend the same promise. Shirley MacLaine's virtuoso series of seven new-fledged numskulls unkindly sells the delusion that we are going to get a second chance six times over. Put together, the seven creaking artifacts of the script may even reflect some market-research assessment of what the womanly woman wants to be. Lucky the widow so beautifully made up that a man falls for her while her husband is still warm, says the first episode. Hurrah for the second heroine, a betrayed wife who maneuvers her husband back into her clutches by emotional blackmail (and gets him back concussed, to boot; quite right). A toast to the sumptuous peabrain who reads a good two lines of T. S. Eliot and talks about art stark naked, inconsiderately squashing two men in the room for thinking of the flesh. And how wise of a dissatisfied housewife to simulate nymphomania on roller skates as a way of distracting her novelist husband from unfairly attending to his work. There are still three elements of femininity to go. The composite is Woman, probably. Woman minus the head, though, and aged thirteen and a quarter, and formed by a life spent in a brown-paper bag reading advice columns by flashlight about "How to Hold a Man" and "How to Be the Center of Attention." The premises of the film aren't very endearing. The indulgence that is extended to ruses has the ethics of those advertisements telling the woman reader to leave the magazine lying around for her husband to see, in order to make him feel bad for depriving her of monogrammed bed linen or a second mink. The most amiable things in the film are the sight of Shirley MacLaine's beautiful legs and fingers, the impression of her dormant wit, and the gravity of Alan Arkin as a suicidalist stuck with a powerful survival instinct. Arkin is an immensely funny actor, partly because he never lets slip any sign of knowing that he is in a comedy.

I ONCE asked an English friend who has a passion for films why he couldn't be persuaded to try the Satyajit Ray trilogy, which I love and admire very much. Ray comes from Bengal, and out of the affliction and muddle of India he has wrested a piece of work that seems to me as beautiful

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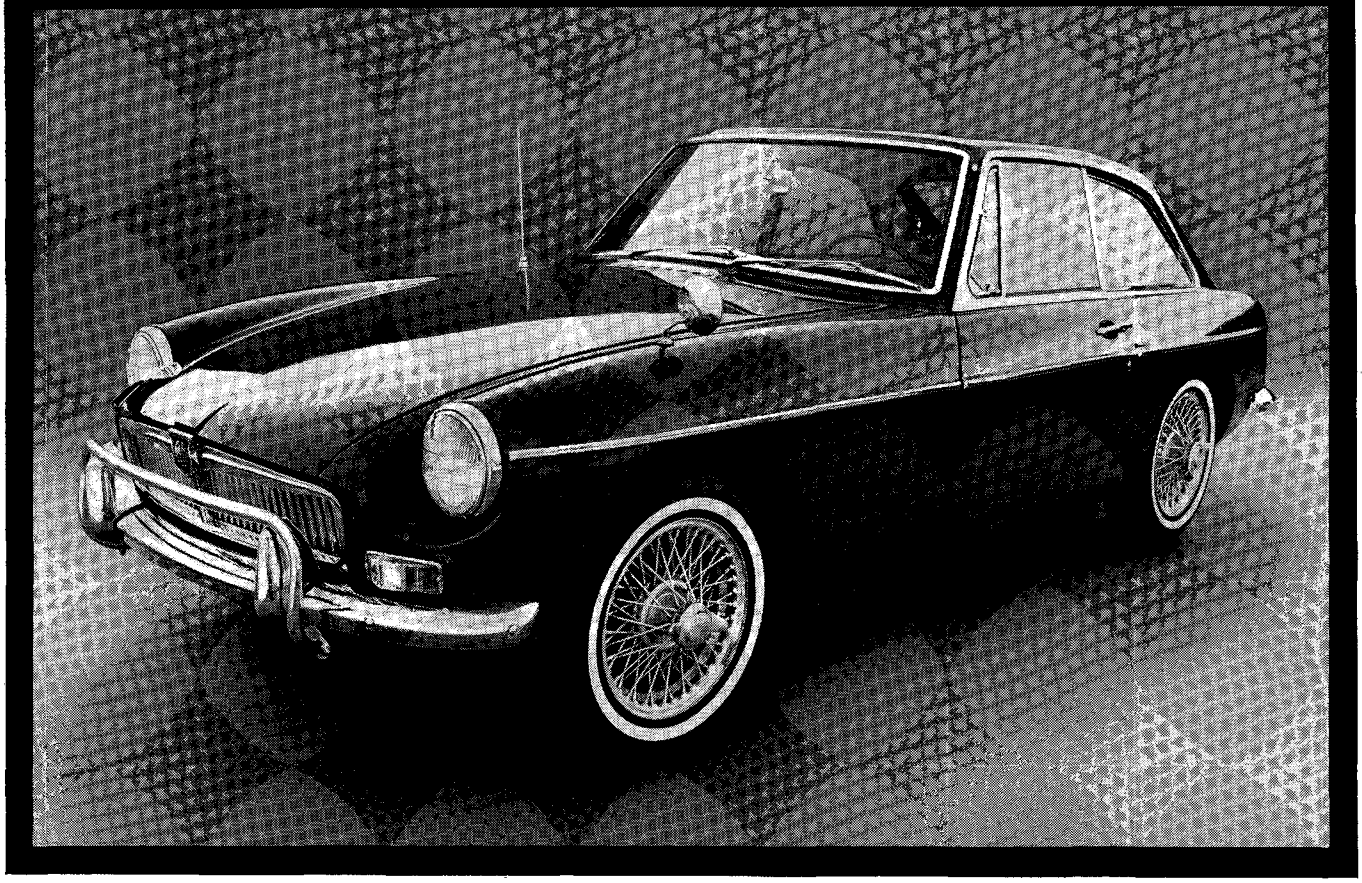

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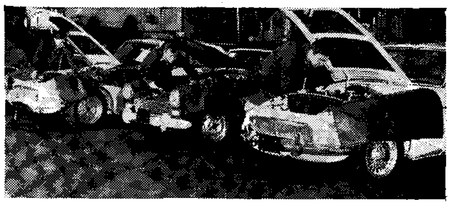

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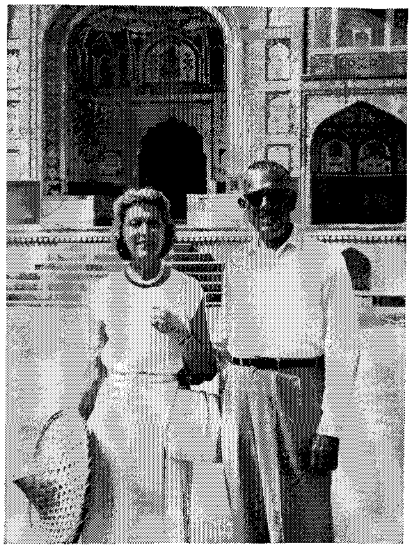

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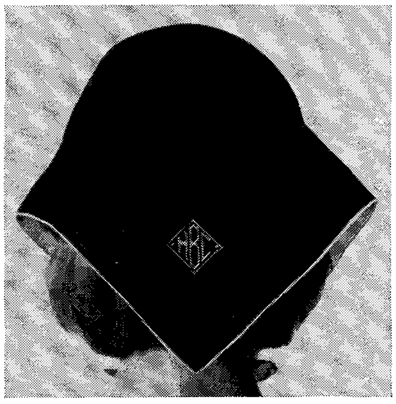

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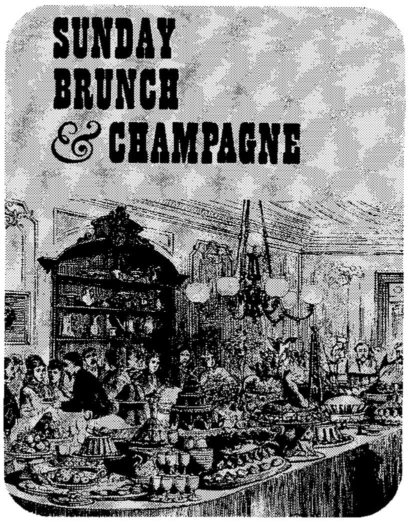
and serene as anything our edgy mid-century has produced. My friend explained that he merely couldn't bear the circular way Indians talk. Only last week, he said thinly, he asked his grocer the price of a cut-rate package of detergent; the man was an Indian, and answered, "Two and sixpence, plus sixpence off." It will be a shame if the same dread of being maddened keeps anyone away from "The Big City," Ray's latest film to be shown in New York. The director himself plainly finds Indian speech patterns pretty funny. He also implies that they can be shy, devious, genuinely decorous, emptily prim—the disguises of a stylish people for the chaos of their situation, and sometimes the fault of a colonizing power that bequeathed the forms of punctiliousness to a civilization religiously committed to flux. The city of the title is Calcutta, and the central character a reticent young wife who decides that she must add to the family's pinched income by going out to work. The blow to propriety is hard. Her mother-in-law wipes her eyes with her sari as she cooks. Her bookish father-in-law, ashamed and idle in near-blindness, sits with a hand to his head and a glass of milk at his elbow. He says, "She's changed. . . . Can't be helped," like someone in Chekhov, and doesn't speak to his son for six weeks. The husband whines, loses his job, misses her when she is at work, and expresses his wretchedness ignobly.

The girl's job is selling a home knitting machine. Westernization moves in. The machine is called the Autonit. Her tutor in canvassing, who is as roguish as the name of his product, is a spineless showoff who dictates his pettifogging letters as if his prose were Gibbon's. His hints to the heroine about an Anglo-Indian salesgirl friend are knowing and odious. Other small businessmen win unpleasant little triumphs on telephones. It seems a world borrowed from the worst of middle-class England on some beefy covert spree—a world full of parroted phrases acquired from genteel and craven men far from home. The director's own screenplay, in Bengali (based on a story by Narendra Nath Mitra), begins to contain more and more English tag lines. The shabby vestiges of the Raj float up like flotsam: "This is all part of the job," "I know it's none of my business," "In the strictest confidence," "I won't take no for an answer." It seems the language of cringing and of saloon backslapping, and of clerks' pomp. Is this what empires leave, along with exams and timetables and crossword puzzles and Oxford marmalade?



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BEST MUSICAL 1967 — N.Y. Drama Critics

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It is as if one were to open some twentieth-century tomb of kings and find it full of plastic knickknacks and squalid manufactured jokes for parties.

The purity of Ray's own voice is patent and delicate. He derives nothing from anyone else and he scores no points. His quiet style of using single-line scenes separated by dissolves, like observations isolated by paragraphing, allows him to move around his characters as if they were free-hanging figures in space. The balance of bashfulness and grasp in the girl, played by Madhabi Mukherjee, is a very finely detailed achievement of writing and directing. Her spirit is the most striking opposite imaginable to the pushy helplessness marketed as feminine by films of the West like "Woman Times Seven." It seems all too apt that Ray's simple, clear-eyed, and closely specific piece of observation should open in New York at the same time as the Shirley MacLaine vehicle, with its screwed-up generalities about womanliness and its fabricated hysterics.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

I have your letter requesting my feelings on American involvement in Vietnam.

All of us are troubled by the Southeast Asia conflict, by its grave implications and seeming insolubility; however, President Johnson as Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces holds the reins and dictates the moves.

It is my opinion that we should exert every effort to bring the matter to a quick and satisfactory conclusion. To allow situations like this to go on and on, only encourages other similar situations to get started; however, if we show them we mean business and will not tolerate any nonsense, I do believe we can stem any would be agressors.

I do not think we can pull out of Vietnam without a complete victory. It is, therefore, my belief that we cannot stop bombing unless the North Koreans are willing to negotiate.

Sincerely yours,
JAMES R. GROVER, JR.
Representative in Congress

—*Letter received by a high-school boy in Huntington, Long Island.*

Sounds hopeless to us.

•

Soon after Brosnan was traded away, the Cubs picked up Mark Freeman, another young pitcher with an unusual appreciation and knowledge of literature. After Freeman left, he was replaced in this area by infielder Steve Boros, who has written several unpublished plays and who reads Virgil in the original Greek.

—*Sporting News.*

Boros is lucky. Virgil loses something in translation.

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THE SPORTING SCENE

THE MASTER OF BALTUSROL

THE Baltusrol Golf Club, the scene of the 1967 United States Open Championship, which Jack Nicklaus won a few weeks back with another of his astounding performances, is situated in Springfield, New Jersey, some twenty miles southwest of New York. Louis Keller, the founder and owner of the New York *Social Register*, established the club in 1895, on a strip of gently rolling green land at the foot of Baltusrol Mountain. Today, it looks lovelier than ever before—a veritable oasis, in fact, to the traveller who comes from Manhattan, since the drive out involves passing through the Jersey Meadows, the pungent seascape of Port Newark, and the shoulder-to-shoulder castles of our advancing culture (such as the Rent-A-Tool Company, the Chez Pompeii Beauty Salon, and the soon-to-be-opened Cheetah Flagship) that line Route 22 for grim unbroken miles. The recent championship was the fifth U.S. Open to have been held at Baltusrol. Willie Anderson, the only man besides Bob Jones and Ben Hogan to have captured the Open four times, won it there in 1903, followed by Jerry Travers, an amateur, in 1915, Tony Manero in 1936, and Ed Furgol in 1954. Since these last three champions were extremely dark horses, it has become a golfing axiom that anyone can win at Baltusrol. In a way, this is quite misleading, since the implication is that the Baltusrol's Opens were held on the same course, and they weren't. Anderson won on a rather rudimentary layout that had been remodelled considerably by the time of Travers' victory twelve years later. In 1920, this course was scrapped, since the consensus was that it no longer constituted an authentic test of championship golf, and Arthur W. Tillinghast, one of the best golf architects of that period, was engaged to build two new up-to-date eighteen-hole courses. The 1936 Open was played over the Upper Course, and the 1954 Open over the Lower Course, which is a bit different in character, being less wooded and tumbling, subtler, and appreciably longer. This year, the Lower Course was selected again. Well, would there be any truth in the statement that anyone can win on the Lower Course? Yes, indeed. Any qualifier who is in excellent form that particular week can win the Open on whatever course it is played. That is precisely how Cyril Walker, not one of the great names in American golf, outdistanced the more celebrated players at Oakland Hills in 1924, and how Johnny Goodman did the same at North Shore in 1933, and Sam Parks at Oakmont in 1935, and Lew Worsham at the St. Louis Country Club in 1947, and Jack Fleck at Olympic in 1955. This year, it was well within the bounds of possibility for Baltusrol to produce yet another long-shot winner. At the start of the final round, the leader was Marty Fleckman, a shy, laconic twenty-three-year-old amateur from Port Arthur, Texas, who learned his fluid move into the ball from Byron Nelson. As it turned out, Fleckman lost control of his impressive power game on the last day of play and soared to an 80, but there certainly was no prior indication that this would happen after the amazing way he stood up to the pressure of the Open during the first three rounds. And speaking of dark horses—with only eight holes to go in the seventy-two-hole grind, who do you think was tied with Arnold Palmer for second place, only three shots behind Nicklaus? Lee Trevino. Does that throw you a little? It should. The son of a Mexican gravedigger, Trevino is a twenty-seven-year-old club pro from El Paso whose brightest previous accomplishment had been tying for fifth in the 1966 Panama Open. He ultimately finished fifth at Baltusrol, adding a 70—even par—to rounds of 72, 70, and 71. I watched this complete unknown play a few holes on the final day, and to me he looked a proficient enough golfer to win the Open.

COMPLAINTS
TON SMITS

Although Nicklaus—along with Palmer—has dominated professional golf over the last six seasons, *his* triumph at Baltusrol came as somewhat of a surprise. This January, after winning the Bing Crosby tournament, he fell into the first deep slump of his career, and it persisted through the winter, through the spring, and up to the very eve of the Open, when he shot a 62 in his final practice round. (One should never waste a 62 on a round that doesn't count. The next time you find yourself in that position, remember that the thing to do is to pick up on the seventeenth and report that you simply weren't keeping score.) Since Nicklaus's margin of victory over the runner-up, Palmer, was a full four strokes, and since his total of 275 (71-67-72-65) was, moreover, a stroke lower than the previous Open record, set by Hogan at Riviera in 1948, it is likely that in years to come the game's historians may lean too heavily on these final figures and deduce that Nicklaus won almost in a romp. It surely didn't seem that way out on the course. Nicklaus himself, despite his comfortable lead, did not feel certain of victory until, after pushing his drive and half missing his second shot on the seventy-second hole, a 542-yard par 5, he had flown his third, a long 1-iron, safely over the water hazard that crosses the fairway, over the deep bunkers guarding the green, and onto the green itself. Until that moment, I venture to say, few of his supporters breathed easily, either—with so much at stake, winning the Open is always so hard and losing it so easy. For illustration, take the four earlier championships staged at Baltusrol. In 1903, with one round to go, Anderson, who held a six-stroke lead over David Brown, tossed it away by shooting an 82. He won the playoff only because Brown played even spottier stuff than he did. In the 1915 Open, Travers, a four-time winner of our National Amateur Championship, discovered with nine holes to go that he could win if he played in in one under par. A cool, Hoganesque battler, he responded to the challenge on the tenth, a par 4, by slicing his tee shot out of bounds. This was only a one-stroke penalty in those days, but when he hooked his second tee shot into some high wheat drifts, it looked as if he were finished—especially since the tenth green was completely surrounded by water. Staring a possible 6 in the face, Travers played a miraculous recovery two feet from the pin and rescued his 4. Then, after several other narrow escapes, he nailed down the birdie he needed on the sixty-ninth hole, and rode home with three sturdy pars. In the 1936 Open, Harry Cooper, the most accomplished shotmaker of that day but a man harried by terribly high-strung temperament, at length succeeded in fighting off the Furies and set a new Open record of 284. It lasted little more than an hour, though, for Manero, who had started the final round four shots behind Cooper, was out in 33 and back in 34, and, in the gathering dusk, posted a total of 282. In 1954, the championship was decided on the very last hole—that 542-yard par 5. A birdie there by Dick Mayer would have won him the championship, but after driving into the woods on the right he took a 7. Later in the afternoon, Furgol, who seemed headed for a 7 himself after hooking his tee shot into the thick woods on the left, pulled out the 5 that won for him by slashing his recovery shot onto the eighteenth fairway of the *Upper* Course and tacking back to the green with his third. There is just no telling in the Open. In fact, many people conversant with the history of the championship are of the opinion that more Opens are lost than won. While I wouldn't go quite that far, I can recall only two occasions when the front-runner conveyed the distinct impression as he moved down the stretch that he simply commanded too much golfing skill and personal discipline to let disaster overtake him. Both times, the man was Hogan—in 1951 and 1953.

WHEN Hogan won the 1953 Open, he led all the way—a rarity. Jones more than once scattered

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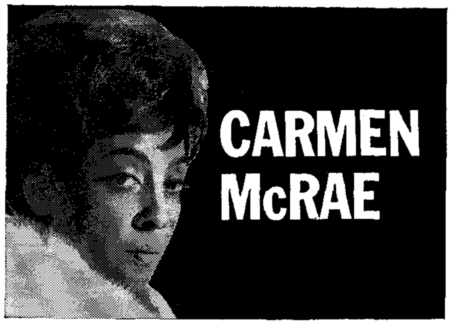

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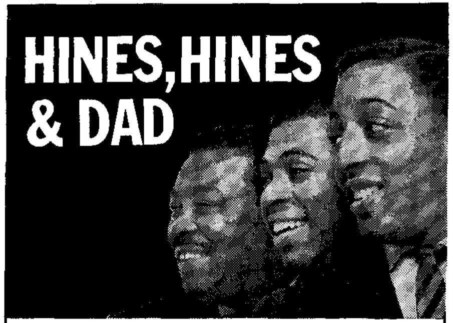

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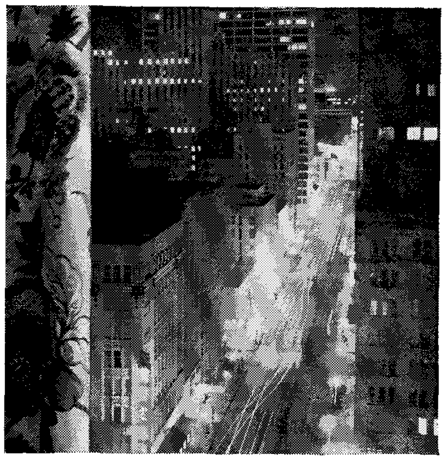
the field with a blazing third round and coasted home. That doesn't happen very often, either. Most Opens, like the one this year, are not won until the fourth round. While it is debatable whether Nicklaus's closing 65 represents his finest golf ever, surpassing even his 64 in the 1965 Masters (Nicklaus's own view is that comparing the two rounds is impossible, since Baltusrol and the Augusta National require wholly different kinds of skill), since that 64 came on the third day of the Masters, under comparatively little pressure, I would propose that his play on the fourth day at Baltusrol constitutes at least his top competitive achievement to date.

When one thinks of Nicklaus, one thinks first of his awesome power—for example, how he engineered the crucial birdie in the 1966 British Open, at Muirfield, by reaching the green on the 528-yard seventy-first hole with a 3-iron and a 5-iron. On the final round at Baltusrol, though, power was a secondary matter. Nicklaus drove well but not remarkably well. What carried the day for him was the accuracy of his iron play—his pitches, particularly—and his magnificent work on the greens. Essentially, Nicklaus is a good, reliable putter, but this year, until the Open, even the two-footers had been giving him trouble. In an exhibition match in May at the Topeka Country Club, for example, he took twenty-one putts on the first nine alone. Suddenly, in the Open, exactly when he needed it, he regained his touch and his confidence. On the last day, on Baltusrol's hard-to-read greens—they are full of tricky little breaks and shimmers—he hit the putting streak of his life. He had only twenty-nine putts in all. He missed only two holeable putts (six-footers on the sixth and the tenth), three-putted only one green (the tenth), one-putted *no fewer than eight* greens, and came so close to holing many of his longer putts that time after time he left himself with a perfunctory tap-in. (Had Palmer putted as well on the final round, things might easily have been different, for over the first seven holes there was little to choose between him and Nicklaus in their tee-to-green play.) Whenever a new champion has performed wonders on the green, one learns as often as not (shades of Frank Merriwell and Frank Capra!) that just before the tournament he changed putters—he retrieved a rusty old number from an ashcan or, in desperation, borrowed his wife's, or something like that. Apparently, such things do happen. The week before the



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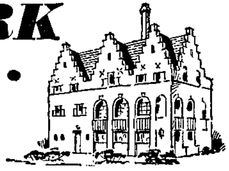

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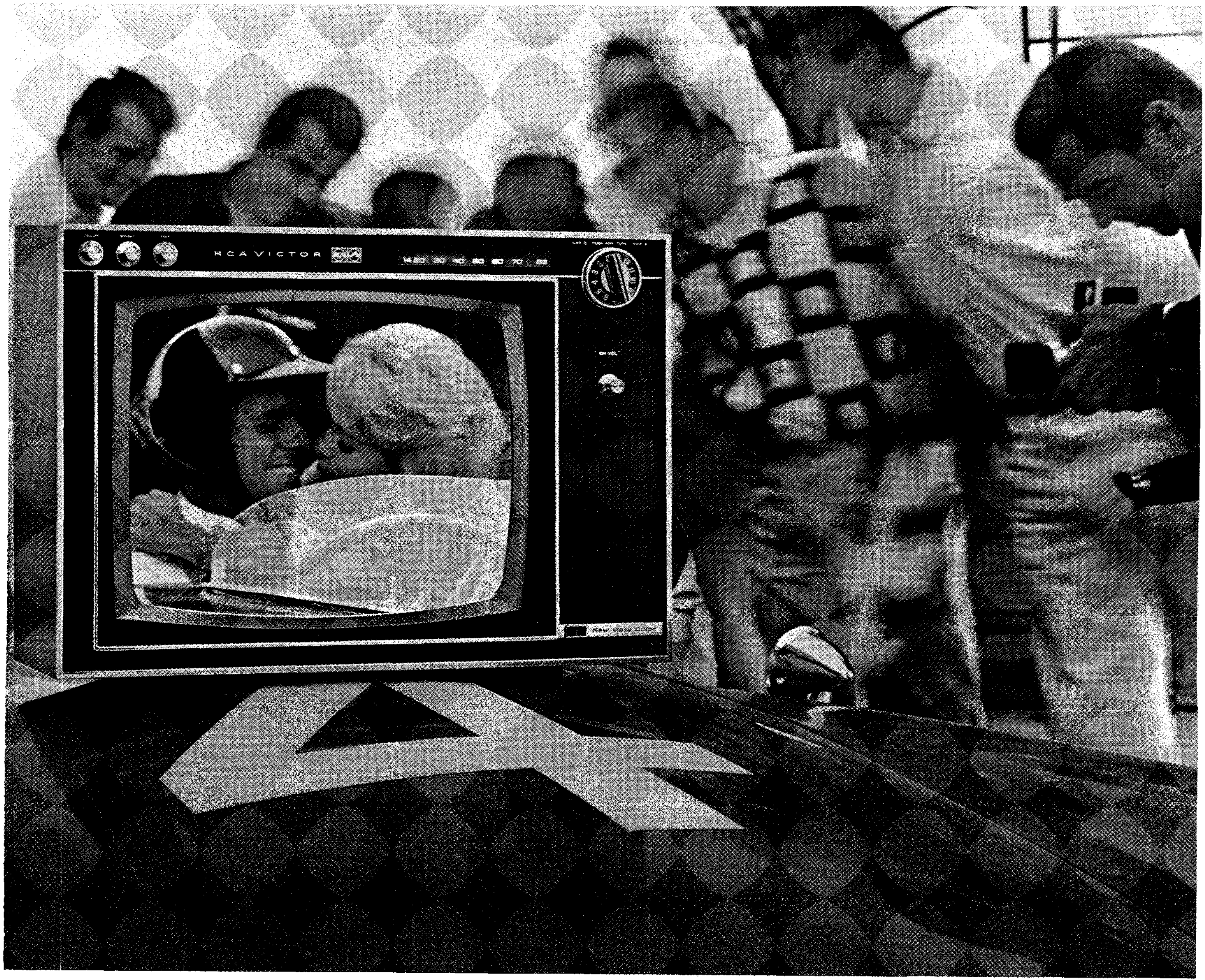

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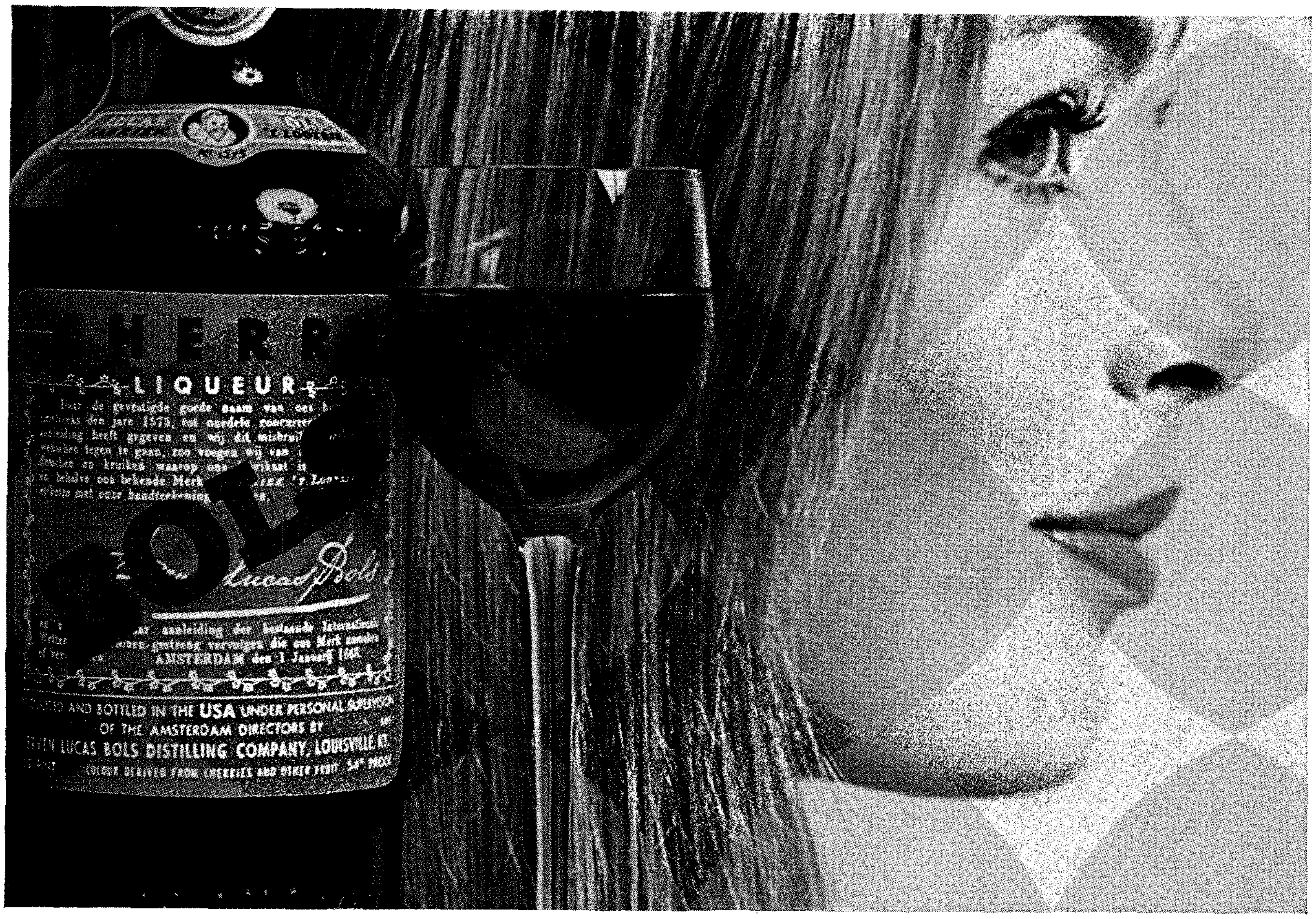
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Open, Nicklaus tried out a light-headed, center-shafted Bull's Eye putter that belonged to his crony Deane Beman, and liked it. Since Beman meant to use that club himself, he arranged for a friend of his to lend Nicklaus a putter that was identical except that the brass blade was painted white to prevent sun glare. Old story: new putter, new man, new champion.

It was evident even before the shooting started at Baltusrol that putting might play a more decisive role in the championship than it does customarily. Controlled driving is generally the key to doing well in the Open, but this year the United States Golf Association, which prepares the Open course, had been in a strangely generous mood, and provided for fairways five to ten yards more spacious than the thirty- to thirty-five-yard-wide chutes the field had learned to expect. In addition, the freakish weather in the weeks preceding the tournament served to reduce further the premium on pinpoint driving. The copious rains in May deprived the rough of the sunshine it needed to grow up into the tough, matty tangle that is a hallmark of the Open, and as a result a golfer who missed the fairway usually had a fairly playable lie in the sparse grass. He could also count on greens that were much softer and more holding than typical Open greens, for when the hot weather arrived with a thump in June, the sun shone down so fiercely that the greens had to be watered to keep them from being burned out. This stretch of parching, rainless weather hardened the fairways, and that had the effect of making the course play shorter than its 7,015 yards. There was still another thing in the players' favor: The fairways, a mixture of bent grass and poa annua, cut very low, were in exceptionally fine condition—the finest, in fact, that I have ever seen in this country. The ball really sat up on them, as if on a hairbrush, and, being able to contact "all of the ball," the field could play exceedingly crisp iron shots, with lots of backspin on them, to the receptive greens. Taken together, all these interrelated conditions made it practically a foregone conclusion that there would be many more approach shots finishing close to the pins than there had been in any recent Open, and, accordingly, putting would be very, very important. To stay in the hunt, a contender would have to hole a fair percentage of those ten- and fifteen-footers, for his competition would certainly be cashing in on their birdie chances. This is not to say that Baltusrol was easy pickings, or

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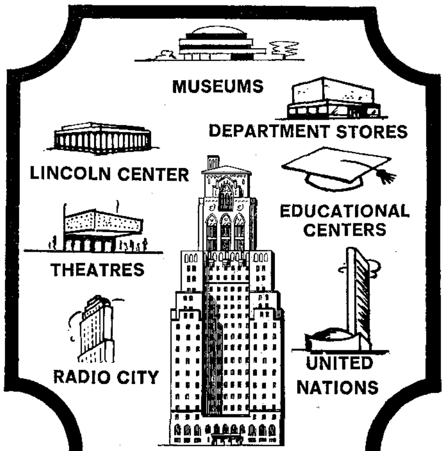

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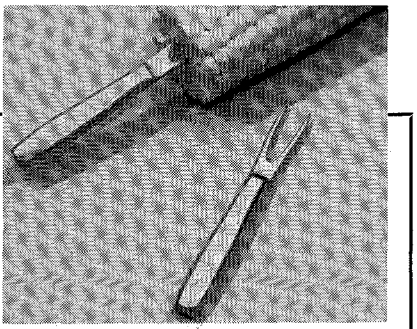

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merely a more cultivated version of the average P.G.A.-circuit course. It wasn't. It still demanded steady driving, first-class iron play to deceptive pin positions, and skillful putting. Nevertheless, after a few practice rounds Hogan predicted that Baltusrol would probably yield a new Open record, and, as is so often the case, he was right.

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On the third day, Nicklaus and Palmer were paired together. Neither was sharp. Although Palmer was exhorted all the way by the raucous local detachments of Arnie's Army—I thought I spotted the famed Secaucus Lancers and Hasbrouck Heights Fusiliers in the front ranks—he did not make a birdie until the last hole. Nicklaus made just two—on the seventeenth and the eighteenth, the only two par 5s. Their tense, attritive, head-to-head struggle opened the door for Casper. Quietly, imperturbably, this tough competitor went to work, and by the fifteenth he had built up a four-stroke lead. Then, to everyone's astonishment,

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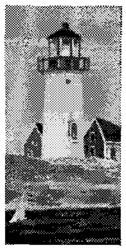

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he threw it all away by failing to get his pars on the next three holes. At the end of the day, he stood at 210. Nicklaus, after a 72, and Palmer, after a 73, were also at 210. Fleckman was out in front again at 209, after a gritty 69. How radically fortunes change! Exactly a month earlier, at Sandwich, England, Fleckman, having lost his singles on the first day of the Walker Cup match and then his foursome on the morning of the second day, had not been selected to play in the concluding singles that afternoon, and he looked the most forlorn figure in the world as he plodded out into a forty-knot gale to cheer his teammates on. The day also left me with a much longer thought—one provoked by the overexuberance of Arnie's Army: How radically golf galleries have changed! Thirty-one years ago, when I attended my first Open, at Baltusrol, a good part of the crowd recognized the man seated on a spectator-sports stick alongside the twelfth green as Bob Jones, but, sensing that he wanted his privacy, everybody politely left him alone.

IN the final round, when the pattern of the draw again paired Nicklaus and Palmer, Nicklaus lost little time in striking the blows that won him the championship. The first came on the third green, a twelve-foot sidehill putt for a birdie that caught the high corner of the cup on its last rotation; a fine 8-iron pitch had set it up. The second was a 3-iron four feet from the pin on the fourth. When Nicklaus made the putt, he was in the lead. He kept moving, thanks to that hot putter. He holed from eighteen feet across the slanting fifth green and then from twenty-four feet on the seventh—both times for birdies. The putt on the seventh was the crusher in his duel with Palmer. At this juncture, Palmer, who was trailing by only one stroke, had rifled a superb long-iron approach that left him with a birdie putt half the length of Nicklaus's; if Nicklaus missed and he holed, they would be even again. When the opposite occurred, it gave Nicklaus not only a two-stroke lead but also that incalculable lift, which was immediately dramatized by the action on the eighth hole. On this handsome little drive-and-pitch par 4, where the drive must be down the left to open the entrance to the green, Nicklaus placed his tee shot perfectly, but Palmer, under strain now, pushed his behind a tree in the right rough. He had no recourse but to chip laterally back to the fairway, and had to settle for a bogey 5. Nicklaus got his birdie,

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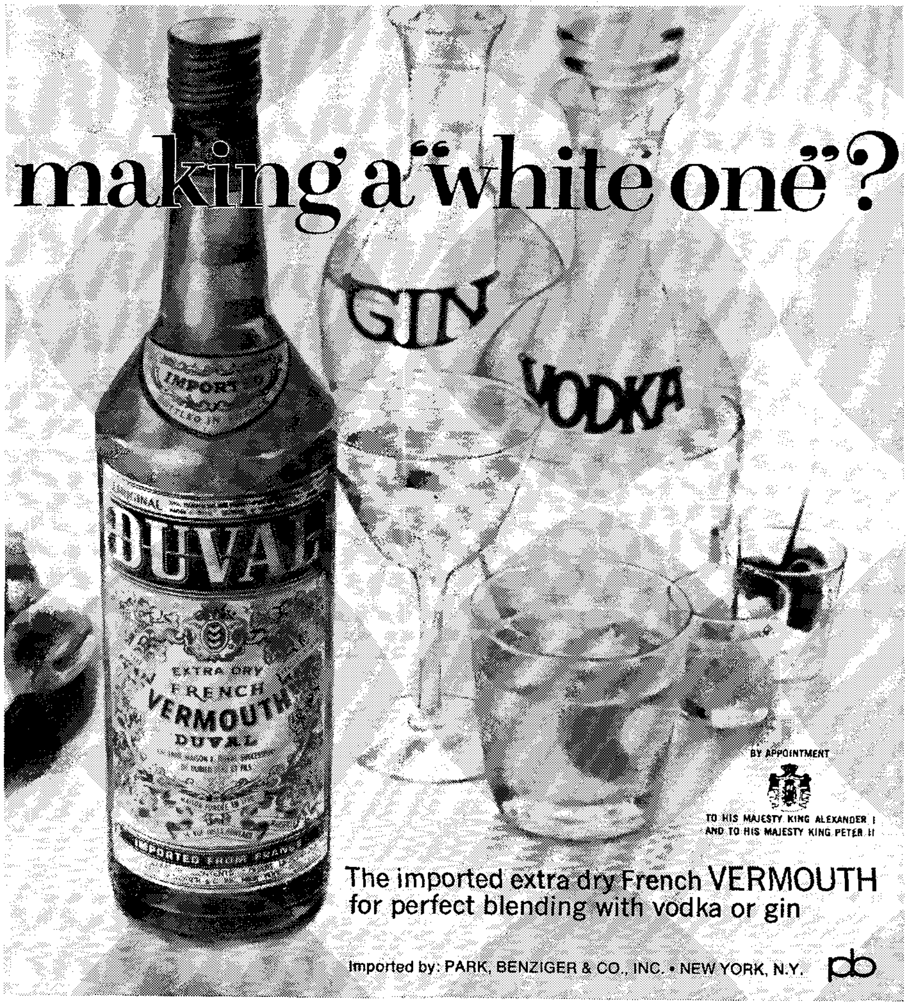
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floating his approach, a sand wedge, tight to the pin. He now led by four. On the in-nine, he played two more picture-postcard short approaches—a pitching wedge that spun dead three and a half feet from the pin on the thirteenth, and a 7-iron five feet from the pin on the fourteenth. He made both putts, and on the home green, with his victory assured, he got down a twenty-two-footer for his eighth birdie in sixteen holes. (This was the stroke that broke Hogan's record, but Nicklaus, who sometimes seems exceptionally mature for his twenty-seven years, viewed that achievement as just an incidental bonus. "All I was hoping to do was win," he said. "Records are accidents.") I can only hope that this tabulation of the high points of Nicklaus's 65 brings out clearly the explosiveness of his golf throughout the humid, overcast, clamorous afternoon. There are flaws and inconsistencies in his game, but when he is in full flight it is really to be wondered if anyone in the history of golf has ever been capable of such sustained passages of outrageous brilliance.

IN reviewing the tournament, Nicklaus felt that the way he had coped with the exacting par-3 holes (he was three under par on them) made the difference. Possibly. Perhaps, as some observers suggested, the turning point was the eleven-foot putt on the fourth green in the second round, which saved him his par and got him rolling. Certainly, as others suggested, Casper's unexpected collapse in the third round had quite a bearing on the shape of the tournament, and one could not overlook the steadfastness that Nicklaus had shown in standing up to the buffetings of Arnie's Army on two successive days. Maybe, after all, the critical factor was Nicklaus's phenomenal putting on the last day, supplemented by that series of elegant pitches. Or maybe, as Bob Jones came to believe as he grew older and more fatalistic, there is no one reason a man wins an Open—it is all curiously preordained, written in the stars.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

WHICH PAGE OF THE NEW YORKER D'YA READ?

"I change my opinions daily," he [Marshall McLuhan] has confessed.

—*Issue of April 1, page 62.*

He [Marshall McLuhan] almost never says anything he hasn't said before . . . and very reassuring is this note of constancy.

—*Same issue, page 135.*

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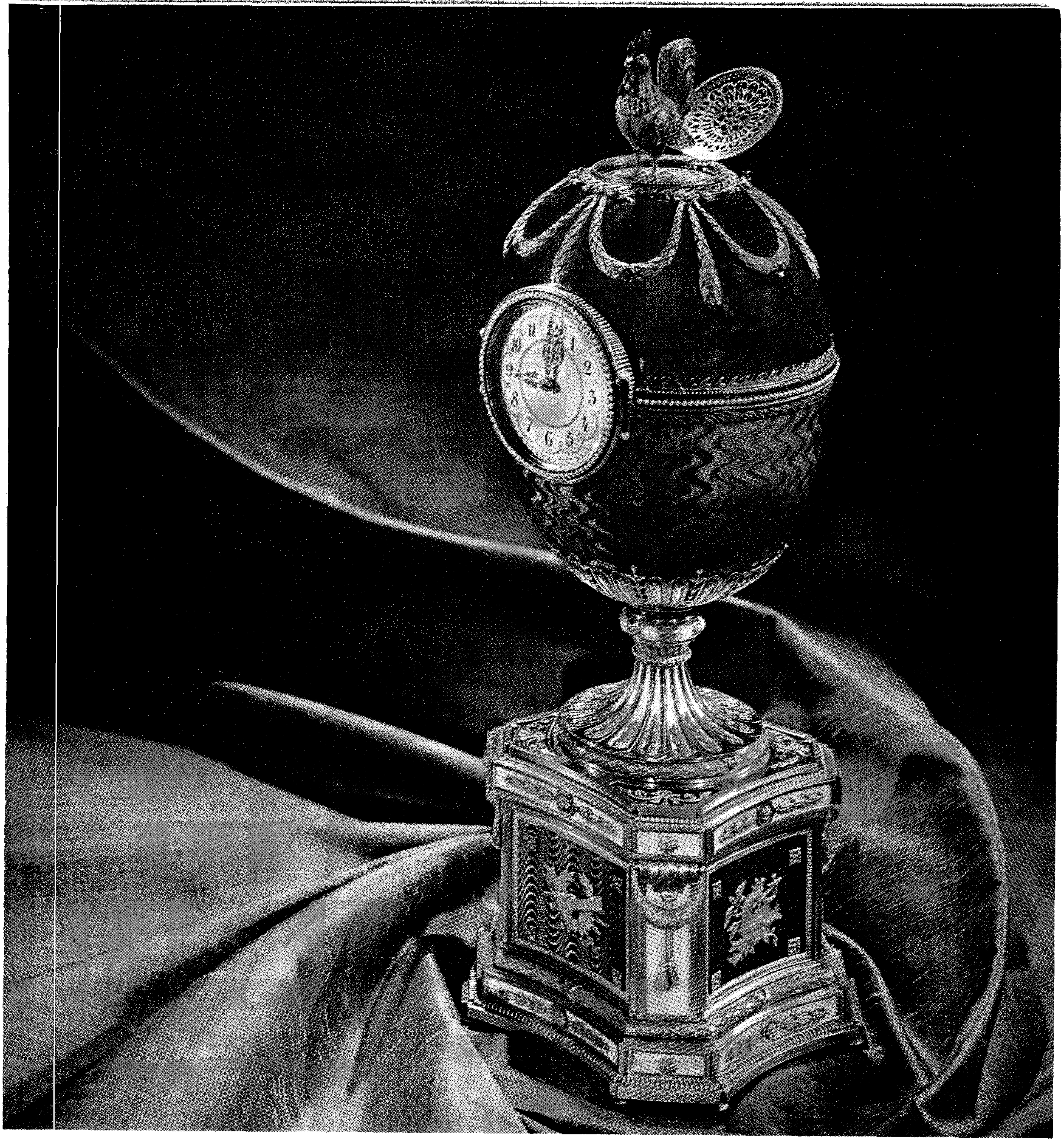

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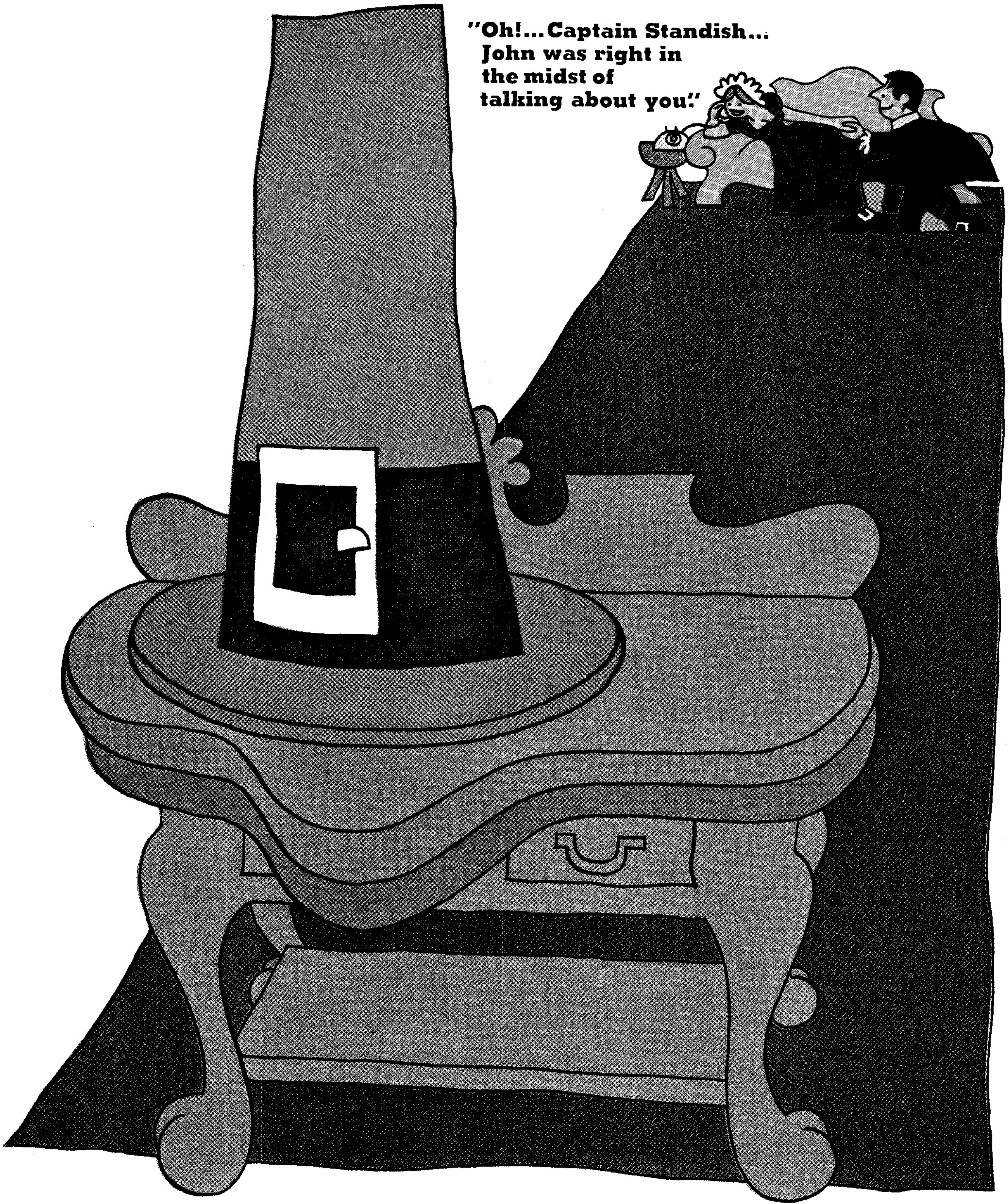
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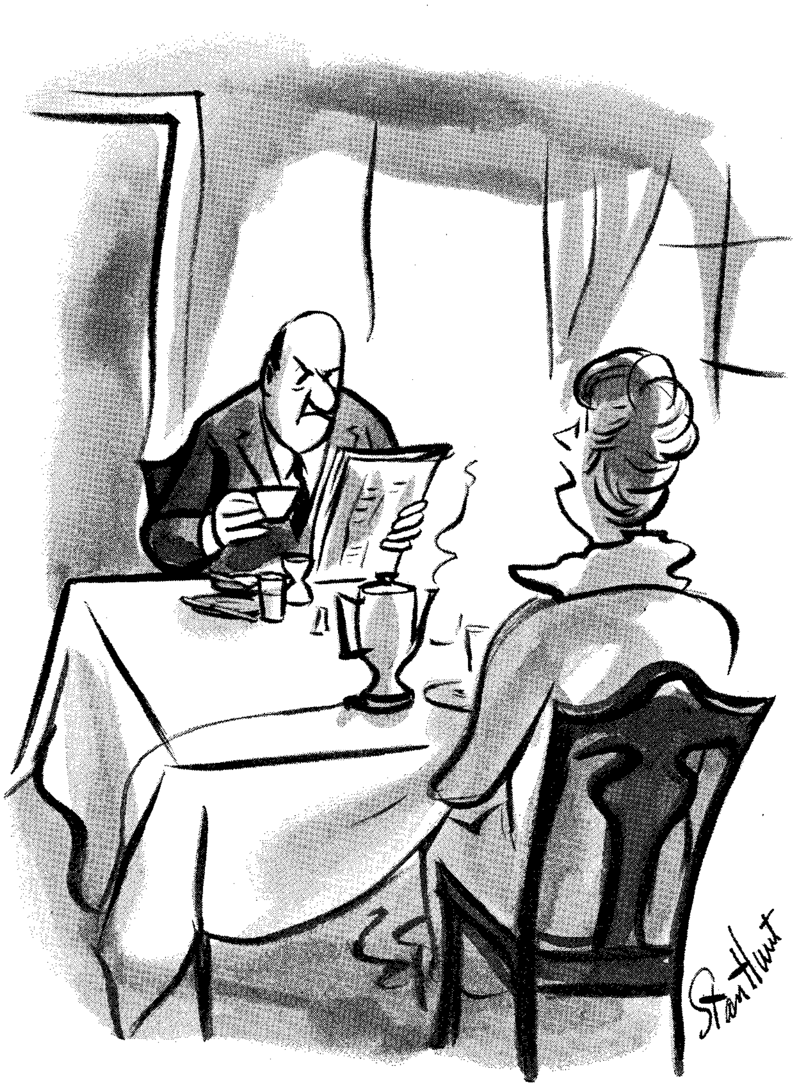
LETTER FROM THE UNITED NATIONS

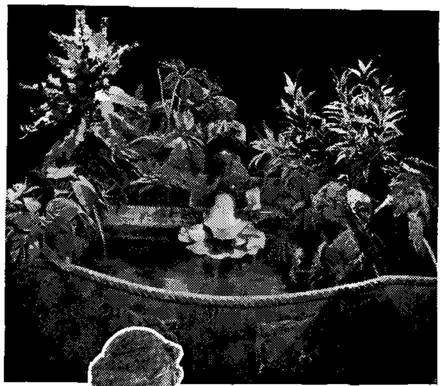
JUNE 28

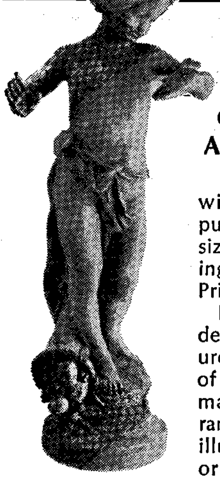
THE kings and most of the captains have departed, and there are reasons of a parochial nature for viewing this as good riddance. For the moment, there seems to be scarcely more tension at this emergency special session of the General Assembly than might be expected on a slow day in the Vermont legislature. The debate goes on—it will be a while before the last of the mini-powers to reserve podium time has had its say—and much of the rhetoric is angry and threatening. But most passions are spent, most voices weary. The hall is seldom more than half full, and no more than half of those in attendance are attentive. The press is thinly represented, the television crews mostly idle. The effect of all this is soothing. With Vietnam back on the front pages, and network quiz shows no longer being interrupted, statesmen are less frequently seized with outrage. Gideon Hausner, the Israeli barrister who prosecuted Adolf Eichmann, and others are standing in for Abba Eban and standing by to take issue with their country's detractors, but they wait until the end of the day and deal with several offenders at once. All kinds of disagreeable and untruthful things are being said about the United States, but Ambassador Goldberg has been applying his gifts of persuasion somewhere else, and his deputies are evidently under instructions not to exercise the right of reply. Nor do the Russians any longer rise to the bait. To be sure, this air of calm is illusory, and is also a measure of the United Nations' weakness. The crisis that led to this session is at least as far from resolution as it was two weeks ago—quite possibly, now that Israel has annexed the old part of Jerusalem, a good deal farther. But the U.N. leads a life of its own, and whether or not there is ever a practicable settlement in the Middle East, there will be a theoretical one here. There is no majority for either the Soviet or the American position. If thirty or forty governments could be persuaded not to vote at all, the Soviet resolution condemning Israel and demanding that it indemnify the Arab belligerents might just possibly get the support of the necessary two-thirds of those voting. But this would be a hollow victory, and the Russians now seem disinclined to seek it. What is most likely is that there will be few abstentions and a large majority for a waffling resolution—probably the one put forward today by the Yugoslavs, who have been working more closely with the Soviets than they have in many years—calling for Israel to withdraw from the conquered territories but not passing judgment on the original conquests. It will undoubtedly contain some pieties about solving the refugee problem, about the desirability of broad regional settlements, and about the need to strengthen the U.N.'s peace-keeping role. It will hold a certain interest for historians and for those who may have to deal with the next such crisis.

It was the Soviet Union that called for this session, much to the displeasure of the United States and several nations friendly to us, including, of course, Israel. The session has, in fact, served American and Israeli interests quite well. It has revealed somewhat more support for the American position than our diplomats—many of whom nowadays suffer from a mild paranoia—thought existed, and it has provided Abba Eban with an opportunity to win many new admirers and to increase support for his government's case. As for the Johnson Administration, it has every reason to be delighted that the Soviets prevailed; if we had been successful in our opposition, there would have been no Glassboro meetings with Premier Kosygin. Those meetings, whether or not they have any impact on world affairs, have done more for Lyndon Johnson than anything since the nomination of Barry Goldwater. From the original sponsor's point of view, though, nothing of value has been accomplished by the session. If the Arabs are getting any more sympathy now than they had earlier in the month, it is thanks to Israeli intransigence rather than to Soviet support. No matter what kind of resolution the Assembly adopts, the Arabs will be no better off than they were when the Security Council declined to censure Israel. The Arab delegates here have taken as disapproving a view of Glassboro as did the Chinese and, evidently, as does Fidel Castro. If the larger Soviet policy was to strengthen Moscow's authority among the Communist powers, the policy's failure has been little short of spectacular. It has been demonstrated



"I'm sorry I said 'Rise and shine' when I woke you this morning—really I am."





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that Soviet friendship even for non-Communist states is—at least in present circumstances—a politically non-negotiable asset. The Eastern European nations, except for Rumania, accepted Soviet leadership, but with no show of enthusiasm in the public debate and with much show of reluctance in private conversations. The Rumanian dissent was one of the few dramatic events of the session. Yugoslavia's early support of the Soviet position was by no means an acceptance of Soviet leadership; rather, it was an assertion of Tito's alliance with Nasser, which was established two or three years before the Soviet Union showed any interest in befriending and arming the Arabs. And now the Russians find themselves having to get in line behind the Yugoslavs and to draw upon Tito's influence in order to get a halfway satisfactory resolution.

The events of three weeks ago seemed to show that while our political intelligence about the Middle East had been dangerously misleading, our military intelligence—in extraordinary contrast to that of the Russians—had been accurate in almost every detail. From the events of the past ten days, it appears that the Russians' political estimates have been as unreliable as their military ones. Their call for a session of the General Assembly was prompted by desperation to begin with. They have always been suspicious, as has been our government, of the Assembly, which is perhaps the leading example in all history of a parliament based on the rotten-borough principle. It was because of a very similar kind of desperation on our part back in the Truman Administration, when the Russians were vetoing every American initiative in the Security Council, that the Assembly was empowered to deal with situations of the sort currently before it, and the Russians did all they could to prevent this. Their decision to initiate a move from the Security Council to the Assembly this month must have been based on assurances from somewhere that they had the votes and would encounter little resistance in passing the resolution that had failed in the Council. Now it would seem that their political intelligence has been worse than ours, and about on a par with their military intelligence. Most observers here have been astonished by this. In the few days before the six-day war, we were poorly advised as to the amount of time that was left for diplomatic maneuver; it was an embarrassing and costly weakness, but since few things

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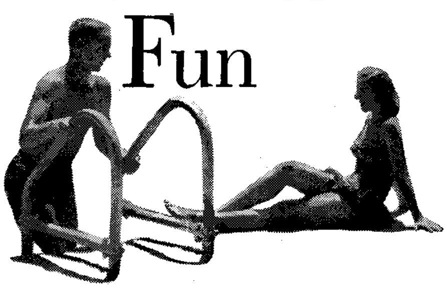

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are more difficult than measuring the specific gravity of a developing crisis, it was far more understandable and excusable than the Soviet performance. All that the Russians needed to ascertain before deciding whether or not to request an Assembly session was how the member states would vote when the issue was between the Soviet Union and the Arabs, on the one hand, and, on the other, the United States and Israel. If the Soviet canvasses had revealed any high degree of opposition to the Soviet position, or even much hesitation on the part of forty-odd members—the number required to block a two-thirds vote—it would have seemed the dictate of common sense not to take the matter to the General Assembly.

The main Soviet miscalculation, it seems certain, was in Africa, and particularly in sub-Saharan Africa, where there are twenty-odd General Assembly votes that in recent years have been the key resolution of almost any issue before the U.N. As a rule, most of these governments are willing to give their support to the Arab governments of the north, with whom they are allied in the Organization of African Unity and who have sided with them in their conflicts with Rhodesia, the Union of South Africa, and Portuguese rule in Angola and Mozambique. Their friendship with the Arabs, however, does not extend—except in regions where there has been a high degree of Muslim penetration—to any hostility toward Israel. On the contrary, most of them enjoy excellent relations with Israel. There are a number of reasons for this, but by far the most important of them is the shrewd and effective Israeli diplomacy, which for many years has been looking ahead to just such a moment as this. While the Arabs have been free with their votes, their anti-colonialist rhetoric, and their promises of military aid to any African government willing to risk war with the whites at the southern end of the continent, they have contributed little or nothing to economic and political development. But the Israelis have mounted aid programs in almost every sub-Saharan country under African rule. Their projects do not compare in magnitude or showiness with those of the United States, the Soviet Union, or other major powers, but they are generally regarded as the most intelligently conceived and effectively managed of the lot, and when scale is measured on the basis of population and wealth, they are by far the most ambitious. And because Israel has hardly more power in the world than most of the nations it

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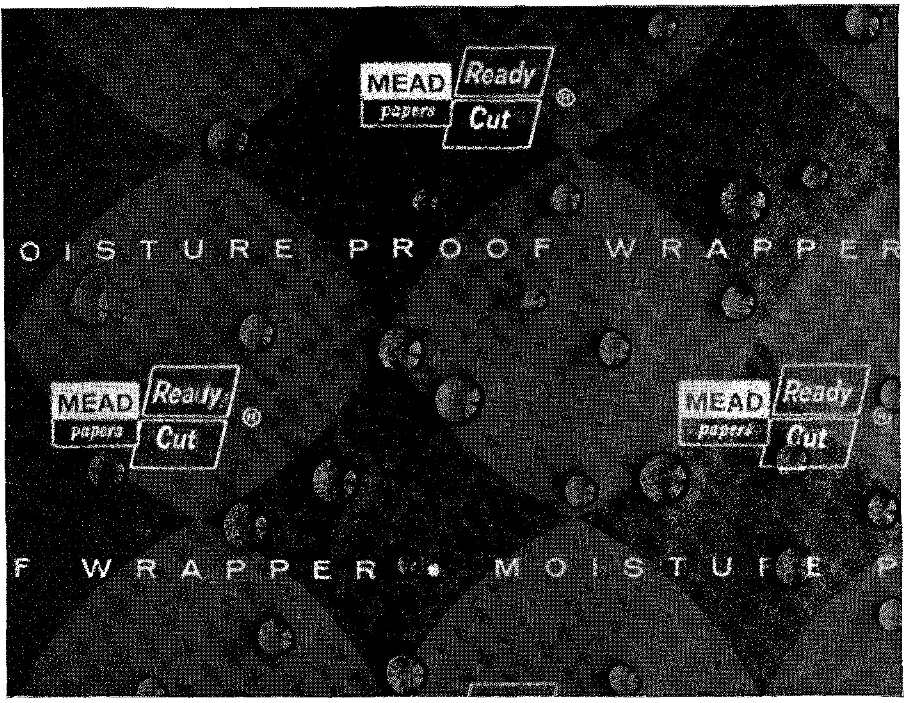

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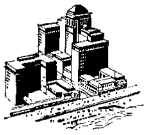

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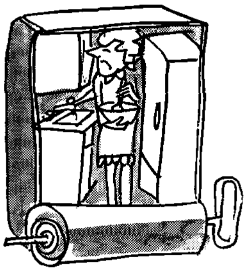

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is helping, it has had little need to ask for anything in return for its aid. The program has been farsighted, and it has been matched in skill by the efforts of Israeli representatives to picture their country not as the "wedge of imperialism" that the Arabs and Russians hold it to be but as an anti-colonialist state that fought for its right to exist against the British and against Arab mercenaries hired by the British. The sub-Saharan governments—many of which are pressing territorial claims against their neighbors, and each of which is consequently living in fear that its own sovereignty will be diminished—are no doubt uneasy at the prospect of Israeli annexations and will support any call for a restoration of the 1949 armistice lines, but they will not, as the Soviets evidently thought they would, be pushed into condemning their friend and benefactor.

THE annexation of Old Jerusalem before there was time for the United States or any other power to help find a solution acceptable to Israel's supporters, if not to its adversaries, is regarded by most people here as a grave diplomatic error. If that is so—and it would be difficult to argue that it is not, since anything that gives almost universal offense is by definition diplomatically mistaken—it is the first avoidable misstep the Israeli leaders have made in some time. The question the Israelis—and the Arabs, too, for that matter—must now be asking themselves, however, is whether diplomacy, successful or not, is worth the time and energy devoted to it, particularly by a small nation whose only important national interest is survival. If condemnation by the General Assembly were the only penalty for territorial aggrandizement, it could easily be endured by Israel and would be of no help to Israel's Arab neighbors, possession still being nine points of international law. Conversely, the sympathy of the sub-Saharan powers is worth very little if all that comes of it is the defeat of a resolution of condemnation. The free and easy use of force by one small nation against another may invite retribution by a superpower, but the invitation is unlikely to be picked up if there is any prospect that it will lead to nuclear war. By their hot-line agreement to avoid a confrontation in the Middle East, the United States and the Soviet Union demonstrated once more the truth of the proposition that has for years provided the substantial foundation for French foreign policy—that the superpowers are among the least dependable of allies. The kind of diplomacy that produces such an agreement is the only kind that seems to count for anything today, and it requires for its implementation no such paraphernalia as the U.N., no foreign-aid programs, no protocol, no treaties, and very little in the way of propaganda. The objection is sometimes raised that the involvement of the United States in Vietnam shows that at least one of the superpowers is capable of great recklessness, and there have no doubt been occasions when the President has acted without being sure of what kind of response to expect from the Soviet Union or China. (A couple of months ago, he told of a particular escalation that frightened him so much that he counselled with his daughter Luci and prayed for understanding and guidance from the God of the Kennedys.) It has generally been clear, though, that we have a hunting license from both the Russians and the Chinese in Vietnam, and that what is being shown in the war there is the awful futility of diplomacy in affecting the policies of one of the world's smallest powers as well as those of one of the greatest—that, and perhaps the essentially sound judgment of the jingoist politicians who keep saying that "world opinion" is nothing but a fiction.

At any rate, practically nothing is being accomplished here, and it was clear even when the call for the session was being first issued that little would come of it—that, in fact, not many members were interested enough to send heads of government or Foreign Ministers. In 1960, when the Congo crisis was under debate, things were very different; heads of state and government came from every continent, and all but a few countries superseded their permanent representatives with officials of greater rank. This one drew only Premier Kosygin, King Hussein, and a handful of Cabinet members. (Decisions to stay home may in some cases have been based on the fact that nearly all the member states—a hundred and eight out of a hundred and twenty-two, according to information recently given a Republican senator by the State Department—are to some degree in arrears on dues and assessments, and might have been subject to dunning and other embarrassments if they had found the cash to foot the bills for the transportation, care, and feeding of high-level delegations.) Dean Rusk looked in on the proceedings but never took the floor, and at least one

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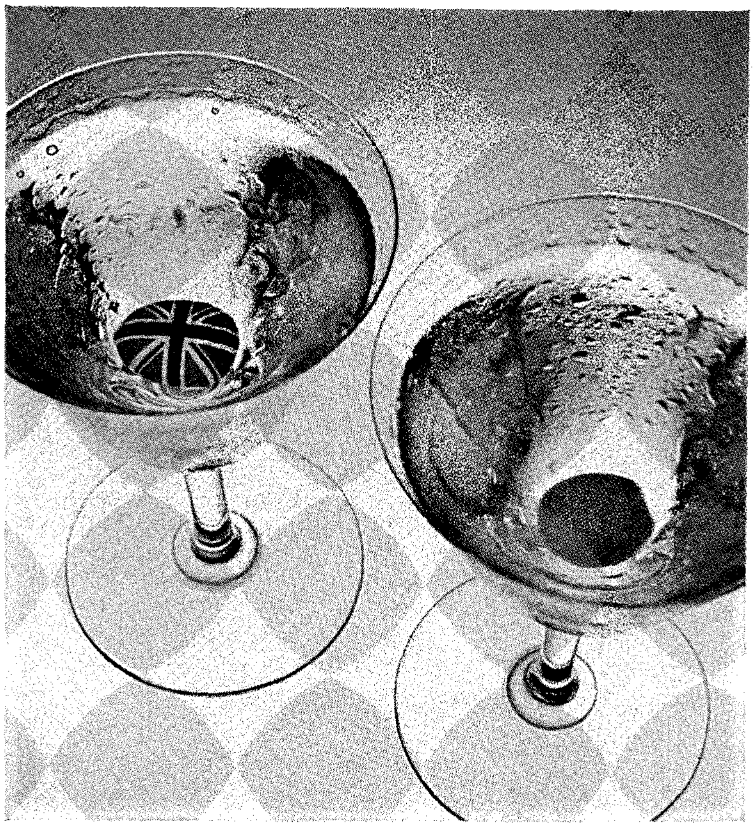

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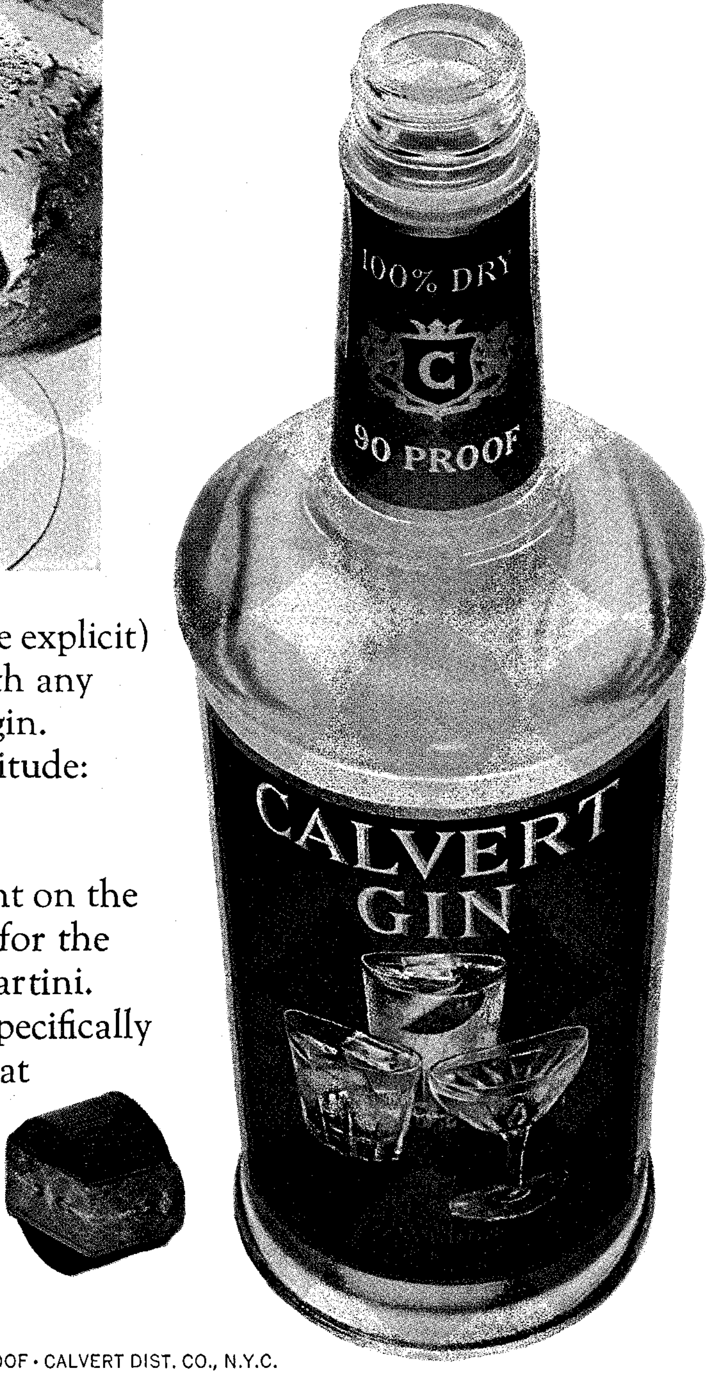

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influential ambassador was covered for by deputies while he was in Washington attending to the more pressing business of trying to get a better market price for an export commodity. It may be that part of any eventual settlement will be the dispatch of another U.N. force to the Middle East; the British favor a second try, and most of the draft resolutions proposed by the neutral and non-aligned states contain vague calls for a U.N. "presence." It is conceivable that the experience of the past weeks may suggest a way of making such a force more effective than the one that was last month ordered to leave by the Egyptians, though neither the British nor anyone else has come up with any ideas on how this might be done. A U.N. force might at least serve as a kind of early-warning system—the world would know it could expect trouble when the host governments started to talk about getting rid of it. The only hope that anyone has for the future of the U.N. is that the United States and the Soviet Union may someday find that the games they are playing with each other are so risky and profitless that they will adopt a common policy and make this organization its agent. But a realization of that hope would lead to a new and lively fear. The smaller countries seem to have plenty of latitude as long as the great ones are in conflict; they might discover they had almost none if the conflict were brought to an end.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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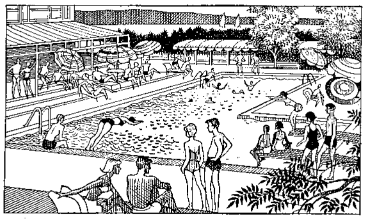

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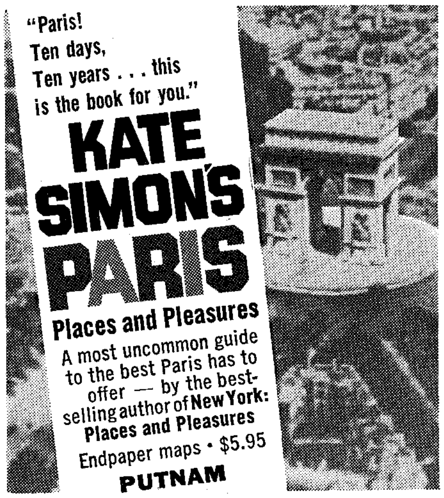

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WALKING STICK, by Winston Graham (Doubleday). A really readable novel, set in London, about a beautiful crippled girl and her false lover. Mr. Graham is at his most skillful and sympathetic when he describes the manner in which Leigh Hartley, a young painter, sets about overcoming Deborah Dainton's reluctance to believe that he loves her. Deborah's parents are both doctors, and her two beautiful sisters are medical students, but Deborah has made an interesting career for herself at Whittington's, an exclusive auction house, where she is an authority on china and porcelain. Her romance with Leigh Hartley takes her from her parents' charming but cold house to flats, studios, shops, restaurants, and places of entertainment all over London, a city Mr. Graham knows how to describe. A Literary Guild selection.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN, by Margaret Drabble (Morrow). This latest work from the hand of the highly talented Miss Drabble becomes a trifle unsteady toward the middle of the story, at the moment when the central figure, Clara Maugham, seems to fall completely in love for the first time in her life. In other words, Clara embarks on her first love affair and we immediately lose touch with her. Up to that moment, we are kept quite close to Clara, an ambitious, inquisitive girl who has managed to extricate herself from a miserable existence in her widowed mother's house in a North of England suburb and establish herself in a penniless but fascinating new life in London. Clara is a scholarship student at a London university, and when we first meet her she is twenty-two years old, in her third year at the university, and has just met the most interesting people in the world—the rich, brilliant Denhams, who deal with family life as if they were all born members of a mutual-admiration society. The weak point of the novel—apart from and more serious than Clara's wavering reality after she falls in love—is the portrayal of a most important character, Clara's mother. Mrs. Maugham, a destroyed, destructive woman, is so heavily caricatured that she never exists, even for a minute, except as

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an object of bitter resentment in Clara's rebellious but curiously self-satisfied mind. There is such lack of balance here, in plot and in characterization, that one cannot help wondering whether Miss Drabble, who generally knows exactly what she is about, is writing too quickly.

GENERAL

MEMOIRS, by Clara Malraux, translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). The pervasively pathetic quality of these memoirs entirely overshadows the question of their propriety—whether a prominent man's first wife ought publicly to reminisce about the marriage. Mme. Goldschmidt Malraux is apparently writing to persuade the reader (and perhaps herself) that she matters. She tells in considerable detail about her family, her girlhood, her education, and her intellectual attainments and aspirations up to the time she married a wild boy who later became a famous writer and somebody else's husband. What is most likely to embarrass the present French Minister of Culture is her account of a not wholly forgotten old scandal: Malraux's attempt to recoup money he lost in speculation in Paris by going to Indo-China and making off with some valuable Khmer statues from ruined temples; his arrest, trial, and conviction for stealing national property; and the part that the author played in obtaining his release. Her lack of self-confidence is pitiable—she had more common sense than her husband, and more imagination than her relatives, but she let everyone give her a hard time. Clara Malraux's timidity may be temperamental, but it seems also to reflect the uncertainties of a generation of Frenchwomen who were educated but not emancipated.

A MAN CALLED LUCY, by Pierre Accoce and Pierre Quet, translated from the French by A. M. Sheridan Smith (Coward-McCann). Lucy was the code name of an anti-Nazi German agent named Rudolf Roessler, who, from a base in Switzerland, supplied the Soviet Union with military information that largely enabled the Red Army to repel the Nazi invasion. Roessler's information was impeccable, for his informants were ten highly placed officers in the Oberkommando of the Wehrmacht (five generals, a colonel, a major, and three captains), and it was also exquisitely detailed. “Ev-

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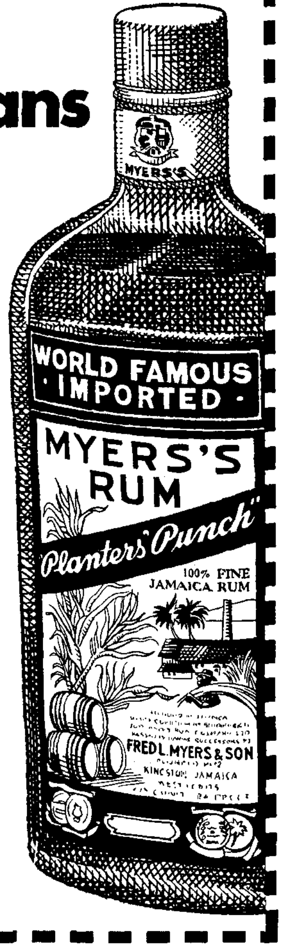

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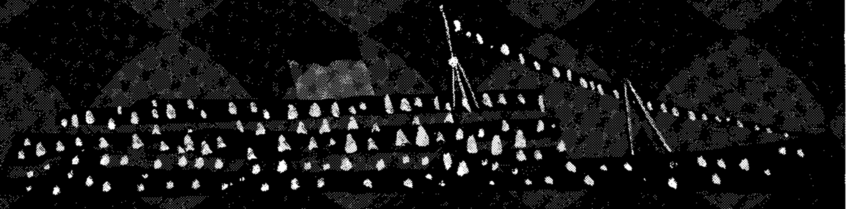
Sallie Bingham
THE TOUCHING HAND



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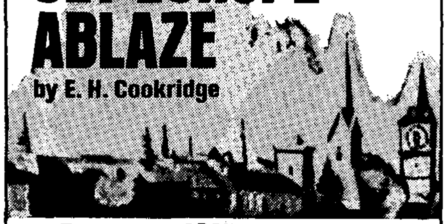

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erything was there: the sectors to be attacked, the numbers of men and material to be used, the positions of the supply posts and of the command posts, the proximity of possible reinforcements, 'D' day and 'H' hour." He also offered equally useful information (including the German plan for the invasion of France and a description of the devastating V-1) to England, France, and the United States, but it was smilingly and foxily rejected. The authors have done an impressive job of reconstructing the career of this master of master spies (both he and his sources remained undiscovered until long after the war), and their reconstruction, though somewhat crudely written, is enthralling. Photographs.

MOMENT IN THE SUN: A REPORT ON THE DETERIORATING QUALITY OF THE AMERICAN ENVIRONMENT, by Robert Rienow and Leona Train Rienow (Dial). This impassioned, invaluable book explains how we Americans are destroying our country—soil, water, and atmosphere. The principal cause of this unparalleled ruin, the authors say, is overpopulation; although the United States is hardly as crowded as India, Americans' great demand for food, clothing, shelter, and transportation asks too much of our natural inheritance. The Rienows back up their general statements with factual particulars about the pollution of air and water (and the absolute shortage of water), the severe loss of topsoil, and the disappearance of plants and animals whose coexistence with each other (and with man) maintain the balance of nature and restore her riches. Even readers who know something about our current problems in conservation and reclamation can learn from the Rienows, who take special care to show how factors are interrelated. For instance, the authors correct a common boast that the United States will never run out of petroleum because Colorado has limitless supplies of shale oil; they remind us that refining that oil requires more water than Colorado can get.

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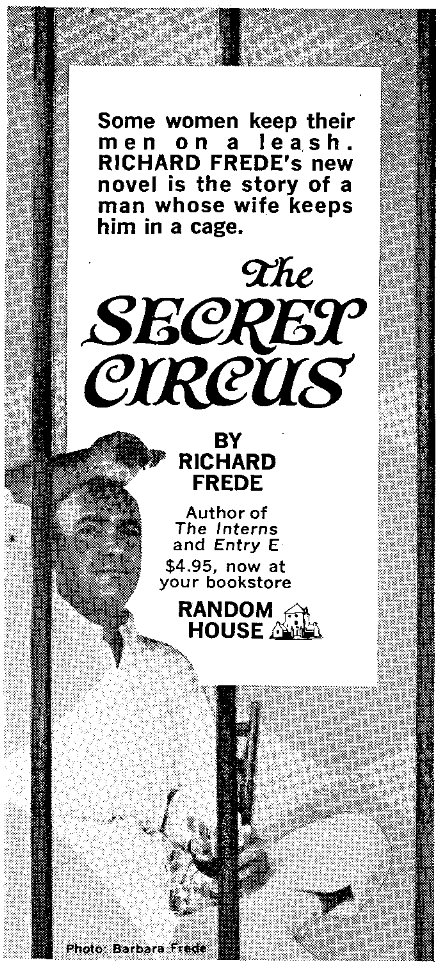
Lenin advised Communists to take two steps forward and one back. Tito has reversed the process. His regime takes one step back for each two liberalizing steps forward.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Anything to keep the people happy.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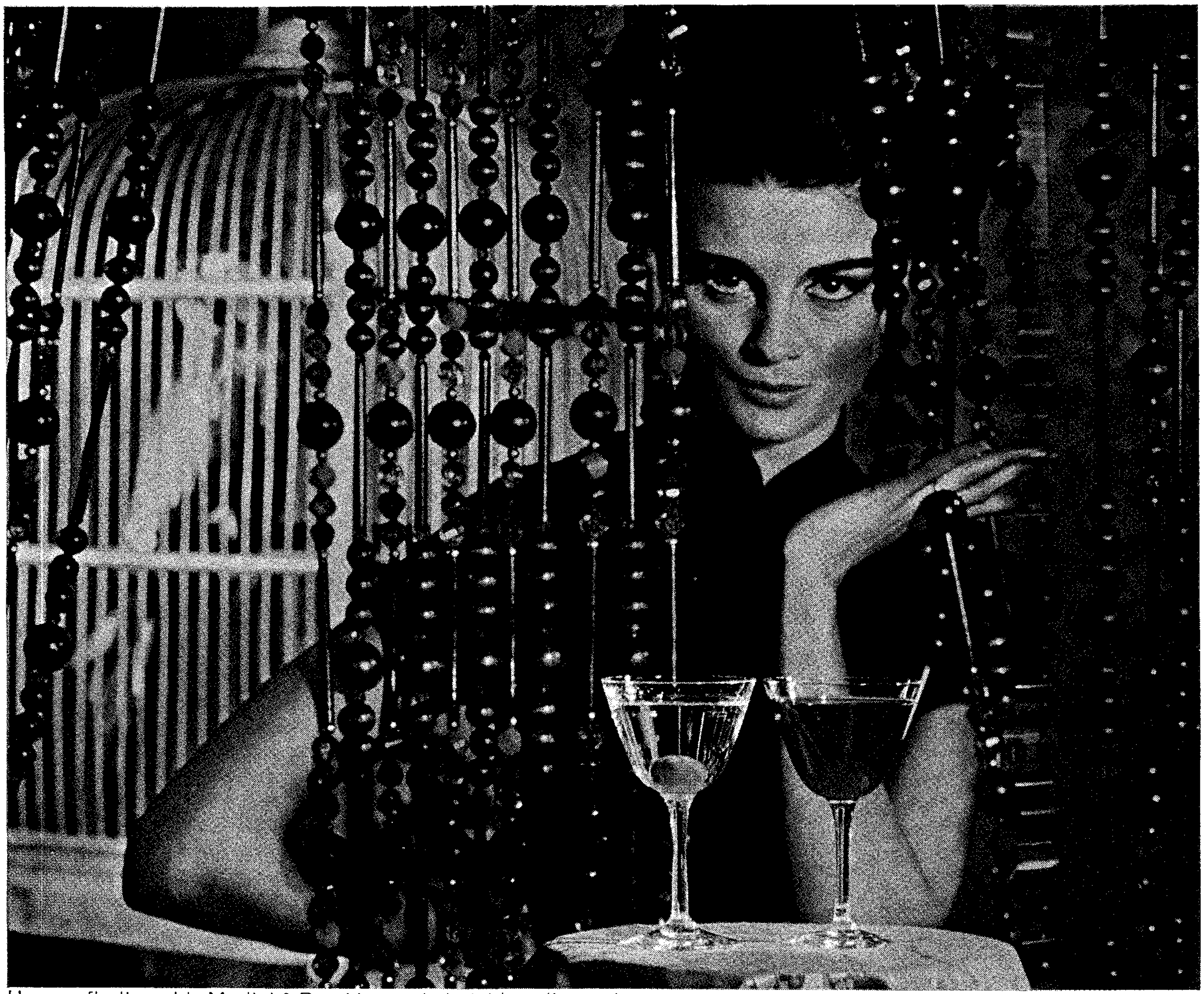

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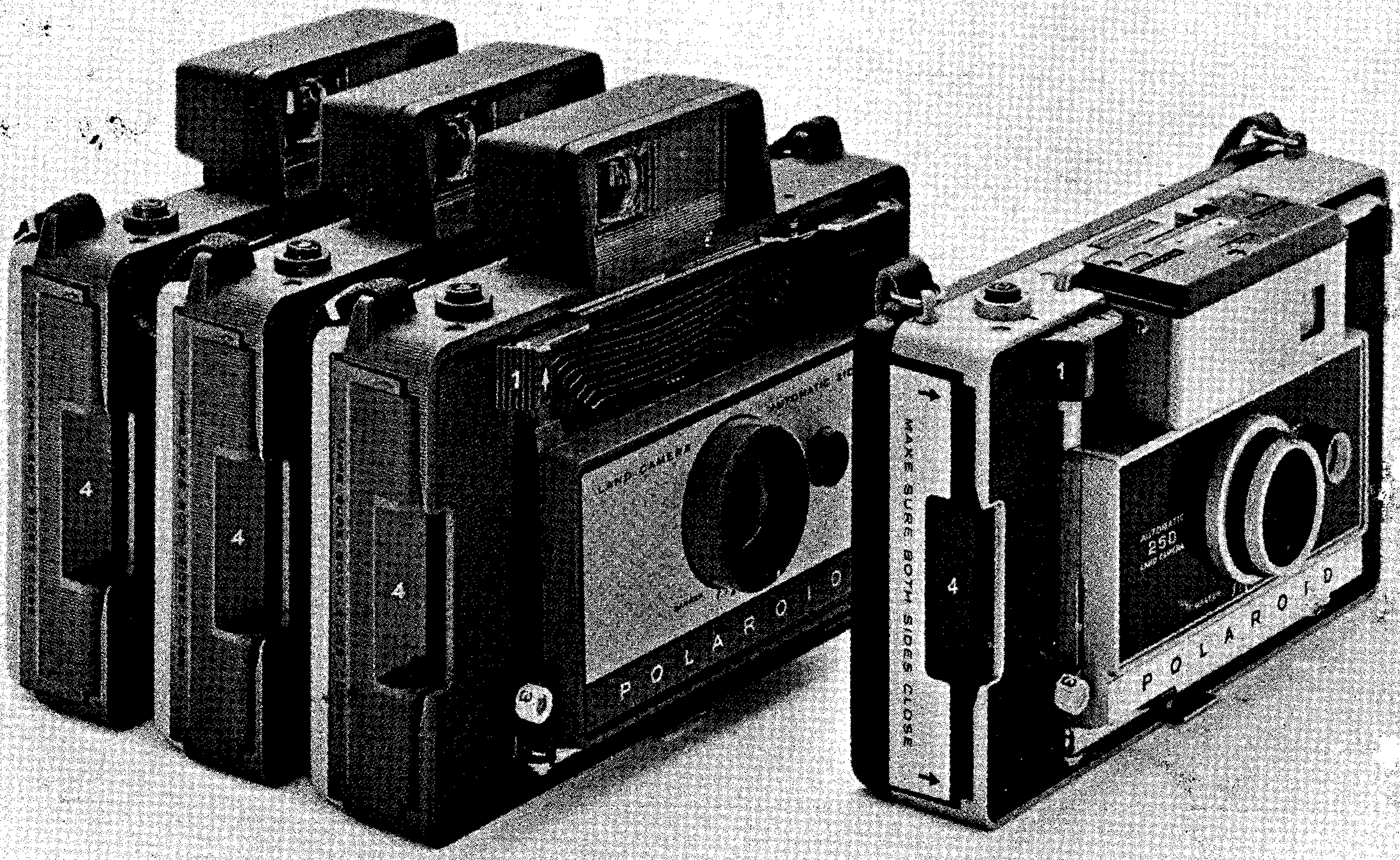

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